

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

Vol. XVI.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1887.

No. 6.

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Carpenter Work of every kind. Estimates and Plans for buildings as desired. Personal attention to all orders.

Reporter's Weekly Gatherings

IN ARLINGTON.

—Yesterday forenoon the signal was sounded at the ice houses at Spy Pond to resume work.

—The laying of the "corner stone" of the monument is still delayed by the weather.

—The entertainment at Union Hall, next Tuesday evening, will embrace some novel features.

—Musical entertainment at the Congregational church vestry, on Thursday evening, February 17th.

—The rose is red, the violet blue, No. 7 is the cigar for me and you. Whittemore's pharmacy.

—A local paper is a more important factor in town matters than some are apt to imagine.

—The pupils in the public schools are much interested in a proposed course of illustrated lectures on historical subjects soon to be introduced for their benefit.

—No cigar will please everybody. In America majority rules, and the big majority are pleased with the No. 7. At Whittemore's drug store.

—Two new candidate for muster-in at Post 36 were proposed at the adjourned meeting last Monday evening. The new officers are "getting the run of matters" quite nicely.

—The Young Men's Catholic Association will give an assembly in Town Hall, on the evening of Friday, February 11th. For this event the committee of arrangements are making ample provision.

—Missionary concert at the Congregational church next Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock. A special program has been arranged for this evening, which will be of general interest. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

—It is a great mistake to suppose because the police make no prosecutions there are no open and flagrant violations of the license law, under which the rum-sellers now thrive in Arlington.

—We are reminded that a long while ago the town voted that the street lamps should be lighted on cloudy and stormy nights during the "moonlight" portion of any month. Why is this vote disregarded?

—Next Tuesday evening the "Grasshopper Operetta," by a company of ladies and gentlemen from Newton, will be given as an entertainment in the chapel at Arlington heights. It is said be particularly bright and attractive.

—The members of Arlington W. C. T. Union are doing all they can to interest citizens in the matter of temperance. They need money to carry on the work, and this, at least, our citizens should be happy to supply, for it is the town's good only that they seek to accomplish by its expenditure.

—The funeral of the depot master at Lake street occurred on Wednesday. Mr. Breslan has many years filled the position of flag man and since the establishment of a depot at this point the more important place of station master. He was universally represented by patrons of the road and others.

—Monday evening the business of the annual meeting of the Congregational church was completed, a large number attending this adjourned meeting. E. L. Churchill was chosen clerk; S. A. Ware, treasurer; G. H. Rugg, auditor; Messrs. Easton and Grover, church committee. The reports of the several departments of church work were both interesting and instructive.

—Messrs. W. H. and Andrew F. Allen have dissolved partnership, and some of our most trusted garden farmers have been busy this week making an inventory of the property, and fixing the value of the joint estate, as Mr. W. H. Allen will retain the homestead farm, and carry on the business of farming. We hope entire relief from care will help Mr. A. F. Allen on the way to robust health once more.

—A thoroughly practical and competent baker, Napoleon J. Hardy, has purchased the business of the Arlington Bakery, and as soon as it can be put in the shape he desires he will commence the baking of bread and pastry which experience in a neighboring city leads him to believe will fully meet the needs of this town. The citizens ought to welcome him with a generous patronage, of which he seems in every way to be worthy.

—Next Tuesday evening there is to be a calico party in Union Hall, Arlington Heights, under the management of the ladies who have engineered parties at this place on former occasions with signal success. Tickets, including refreshments, 75 cents each.

—39 cents will buy a fine white shirt at Robinson's, Bank Block.

—The hour for opening the afternoon session of the public schools was changed back to two o'clock, Feb. 1st.

—Rev. F. A. Gray assisted at the dedication of the new Universalist church at Medford, last Tuesday.

—The Knights of Honor of West Medford will have anniversary supper next Tuesday.

—The new honor conferred on Rev. Matthew Harkins, making him Bishop of Providence, was heard of with marked expressions of pleasure in Arlington.

—The Cambridge horse railroad has settled all difference with its help, at least temporarily, thus avoiding the threatened "tie-up." It was effected by a kind of compromise.

—39 cents for a white shirt, at Robinson's.

—Arlington has sent large delegations to the revival meetings in Boston conducted by Messrs. Jones and Small. The universal verdict is they are men possessed of remarkable power.

—The talk in regard to horse railroad extension to Arlington Heights has led to some tangible offers in the way of stock subscriptions, and the scheme may materialize, one of these days.

—Prof. Churchill will give a choice collection of dramatic, humorous and other select readings in Belmont Town Hall, Monday evening, Feb. 7, at 8 o'clock. Mr. Clark will run a barge, leaving passenger station at 7.30 o'clock, returning after the reading.

—The Arlington Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will hold its regular prayer meeting in the vestry of the Orthodox church, Sunday evening, at 6 o'clock. Subject, "Patience." All are invited. Regular business meeting, Thursday, Feb. 10, at 7.45 p. m.

—Next Wednesday evening the Arlington Heights Choral Society will enjoy a social gathering in Union Hall, with a company of invited guests, at which several of the selections that have been rehearsed will be sung. The local orchestra will assist with concert pieces and solo parts.

—Among the names mentioned as candidates for Selectmen, besides the present board who we understand will not refuse to serve, are George D. Moore, Warren W. Rawson, James A. Bailey, Timothy O'Leary, R. Walter Hilliard, Wendell E. Richardson, R. W. Hopkins.

—The scheme to retire Mr. Fowle from the post office and give him the office of town clerk, etc., having come to naught by the action of Prest. Cleveland, Mr. Locke will doubtless receive that unanimous endorsement at the hands of his fellow citizens that have characterized the action of the voters for several years past.

—The meeting of the Quid Nunc Club occurred last evening at the home of Miss Ella Russell. Although the smallest gathering yet held, it was by far the most enjoyable and the evening passed rapidly with unique games and social pleasures. Several amusing contests in the way of games were tried. Miss Elsie Parker and Miss Blekford captured the first prizes, which were quite elegant and artistic affairs. A pleasant feature was the rendering of several solo selections by Miss Maud Frost, accompanied by Miss Russell.

—The Bay State Band, of West Medford, will give a grand concert in Town Hall, on the evening of Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, the full array of talent to appear being given in our advertising columns. This organization has perfected itself by practice until it is well up in martial music, and as they have given several free concerts here and have been especially generous with local organizations that have engaged them on former occasions, we trust there will be a general disposition to turn out to this concert and give our neighbors a real benefit. We are sure if this is done the band will see that Arlington loses nothing by its generosity. The concert will be one of real merit.

—Robinson can discount them all in white shirts. Look at the shirts he is selling for 39 cents.

—Last Saturday evening news was received by telegraph of the reappointment of Mr. Fred E. Fowle to the office of post master of Arlington. We congratulate the friends who were active in securing this most desirable result and the town on the continuance in office of one so eminently qualified to fill all the requirements of his office. Mr. Fowle has reason to feel a little proud of his new commission, obtained under circumstances so entirely different from former occasions when his commissions have expired. The Democrats in Woburn made a similar effort in behalf of Col.

William T. Grammer, who won his title in the war of the rebellion, and has unusual qualifications for the place, but they were of no avail. The office goes to Lawrence Reed, one of the three or four successful politicians who manipulate affairs in that town to their own pecuniary advantage, regardless of the true interests of the town. Reed was born in Ireland 51 years ago, and came to America in 1850. His business is that of undertaker.

—The following list has been handed us by the Treasurer of monument fund:—
Previously acknowledged. - \$5,454.00
Mrs. M. A. Richardson. - 1.00
Horace H. Horner. - 5.00
Hon. J. Q. A. Brackett. - 25.00
Harrison Swan. - 5.00
Howard W. Spurr, Jr. - 5.00
Henry V. Spurr. - 5.00
Est. Henry Y. Hill. - 50.00
G. Arthur Swan. - 25.00
Silas Frost. - 10.00
Geo. H. Lawrence. - 10.00
Geo. A. Field. - 25.00
F. M. Pettingill. - 10.00
W. W. Rawson. - 50.00
Sylvester C. Frost. - 10.00
\$5,690.00

WM. G. PECK.

Treas. of Committee.

Feb. 2, 1887.

—The following came to our office through the mail yesterday noon:—

DEAR SIR: I've got left!! Stopped by the wayside three weeks ago, and things have gone crooked ever since. Matter? matter enough—no ADVOCATE—didn't know anything if there has been a crowding or a run-away match, or a wedding, or a church meeting, toboggan or wheelbarrow races,—all lost. No ADVOCATE. Truth was I lived in town and what was the use of local events? didn't amount to anything. I'll stop the paper. A trial trip of three weeks will suffice. Send along the paper. Nothing mean about me but my salary, and as we are square to date I'll trust to fate and once more take the ADVOCATE.

Fraternally yours,

Arlington, Feb. 2, 1887.

—This week another little step has been taken in the direction of meeting the demand of the town of Arlington that the horse railroad tracks shall be removed to the centre of the main thoroughfare. At a recent meeting of the West Cambridge Horse Railroad Co., it was voted to issue new stock to raise the money necessary to remove the track as ordered by vote of the town, and the company has petitioned the Selectmen for leave to construct a single track, with suitable turnouts and connections, from a point near the horse car stables in Arlington to where the track now crosses Arlington avenue, and thence connect with the present track. In response to the petition the Selectmen have given notice of a hearing to all parties in interest at the Selectmen's room in Town Hall, on the evening of Wednesday, February 16th. The town's interest in this matter have full long enough been held in abeyance that private individuals might suffer no loss. Now we think it high time for the town to assert her rights, and demand that not the portion promised to be changed nearly a year ago should be fixed, but that the whole length of the track in Arlington should be placed where it belongs—in the middle of the street.

—The ladies of the Congregational church considered the weather of Wednesday decidedly unfortunate, but it did not interfere materially with the attendance on the regular church soiree set for that evening because so many made the special effort to come out in the storm. The attendance was larger than has been the case on some pleasant evenings, in spite of the storm, and the handsomely set tables presented a specially attractive appearance when the call for supper was announced at seven o'clock. After the tables were cleared away Mr. Gooding announced the opening number on the evening programme, a violin solo by Mr. Whittemore. Mrs. Churchill accompanying on the piano. He responded to a hearty encore with another artistic selection. The next was two charming dialect renderings by Miss Carter, of Cambridge, a young school girl, whose voice and manner gives promise of brilliant future successes. The closing number was a dialogue between Miss Gerlie Holt and Miss Ella Russell, entitled "Poor Papa," that abounded in bright and witty sentences which were charmingly rendered by the young ladies, who were applauded and congratulated. A short social hour closed this pleasant church gathering.

—Last Friday evening the Young People's Social Club of the Universalist church gave an entertainment in the church vestry. The affair had been much talked over and liberally advertised, so it was not strange that the entire seating capacity of the vestry was taxed. The programme opened with a piano solo by Miss Taylor, and then Miss McQuesten, who has frequently charmed Arlington audiences of late, recited a scene from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and responded to

an encore. Messrs. Bates and Wild then gave a banjo duet, with which the audience was highly pleased (showing it by a loud encore), and Miss McQuesten followed with a rendering of "Our Railroad." A piano overture by Mr. Taylor, organist of the church, and his sister, was the introduction to the chief attraction of the evening, a charming little opera entitled "Penelope," introducing Miss Carrie L. Higgins as servant girl, Miss Lizzie Day, as mistress, Mr. Holt as milkman, Mr. Bates as a soldier, Mr. Cutter as a policeman. These three, according to the plot, are in love with the servant girl, to each of whom she has given encouragement, and for each she has some sign to signify that the coast is clear or that they must keep away from the house where she is at work. The mistress creates confusion by putting back in their proper places articles of use on the table which the servant girl employed for signals. The fun of the piece comes from the awkward situations which naturally follow. The music was principally in solo parts, but there were two trios and several concert pieces, and all were more than well sung. No more successful entertainment has been given this season, and it is not a surprise there should be a call for its repetition.

—There will be a sociable at the Baptist vestry next Thursday evening. Supper to be served at 6.30 o'clock. Prof. Bartlett will deliver a lecture upon Early Christian Art.

—"The call of Abram, on God in the History of the World," is the morning subject of Rev. F. A. Gray at the Universalist church. Lecture on "Longfellow" in the evening at 7.30 o'clock.

—The local circle of Arlington Chau-tauquans held their last regular meeting with Mrs. Kidder. The programme consisted of roll-call, answered to with "Topics of the Day," a reading by Miss Julia Fillebrown; discussion on the "Coal Strike," music, and an essay by Miss Josie Whitaker, on Pope's, Rape of the Lock. The next meeting will be with Miss Fillebrown, Warren Street, Wednesday evening, February 9, at 7.30. Visitors are cordially welcomed.

—Mr. John T. White, a prominent citizen of the Heights district, is seriously sick at his home.

—Comrade Henry Johnson, for many years in the employ of Mr. George D. Tufts and known to most of our citizens, died last week, after a somewhat extended illness. Though not a member of Post 36 its commander and delegation attended his funeral.

[From our Regular Correspondent]

Notes from Washington.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31, 1887.

Every one seems to have been surprised when it was announced that there was really to be a change in the Cabinet soon, so many unfounded reports of Cabinet changes have found their way to Washington from a distance during the present administration that people were not disposed to credit any rumor on this subject.

But now it is generally believed that Secretary Manning intends to leave the Treasury Department after the adjournment of Congress to accept the presidency of the new National Bank of New York, at a salary of \$20,000, more than twice what he gets as a member of the Cabinet. There has been much speculation for the past few days as to his probable successor, and as to whether his resignation had anything to do with unpleasantness between him and the President.

There has been another woman suffrage debate in the Senate and another vote with the usual result. "That was a magnificent triumph," exclaimed Miss Susan B. Anthony, as she gazed at the printed record of the vote of two to one against her with which the Senate rejected the sixteenth amendment. There is nothing like her unflinching cheerfulness in the midst of defeat. She cannot be dismayed by adversity, and optimistically greets every reverse with a smile of hope.

There has also been a rattling and spirited woman's suffrage convention at this favorite rallying place of theirs since I last wrote you. This was their nineteenth annual meeting here, and Miss Anthony says it was one of the most successful they have ever had. The meetings were largely attended and the speaking was the best that the ladies could do. They were much pleased at the good attendance, and compared the overflowing audiences of this winter with the empty benches which they addressed in years gone by, saying that it was now almost the fashionable thing to do to go to the woman's rights convention.

They have planned a great celebration for next winter, in honor of the fortieth anniversary of the beginning of their movement in this country. Forty years ago Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, at a meeting in Seneca Falls, N. Y., introduced the first resolution favoring the franchise of woman. She is billed for a speech on the same subject at the anniversary.

Concluded on 8th page.

In Paris work has begun for the great World's Fair, to be held in 1889, and workmen's sheds have been erected all around the park on the side of the Champ de Mars. The great tower to be erected on the Exposition Grounds will be 984 feet high.

A botanical curiosity in a garden at Ealing, England, is a rose tree whose blossoms are entirely green, the flowers, in fact, being composed of similar leaves to the ordinary foliage. This is evidently a reversion to the earlier stage of terrestrial plant-life in which flowers had not yet become specialized organs.

One of the most remarkable features of the trade of 1886 was the extraordinary failure of the Eastern mackerel catch. The total amount taken in 1886 was 81,953 barrels, while the catch of 1885 footed up 329,943 barrels. There were also only 823,000 quintals of codfish taken in 1886, against 902,455 quintals in 1885.

The American exhibition which is to be held in London in May next promises to receive the practical support of many of the leading manufacturers throughout this country. Six or seven railroad companies will make exhibits of the natural products along their lines of rail, and several States have arranged to send collective displays.

A remarkable phenomenon has been witnessed in Algeria, North Africa. A meteor, described as looking as large as a crescent moon, shot through the air with lightning speed, and traced a luminous line from west to east. A majestic moon was shedding its light over land and sea at the time, and the blending of the meteoric incandescence with its paler beams produced a glow in the heavens which is said to have resembled that of electric light.

In the matter of ingenuity the American people lead the world. More applications for patents are received and more patents granted at the Patent Office in Washington than in any two countries of Europe. Great Britain comes next on the list, France third, and Germany fourth. It was not until 1836 that the Patent Office was organized as a separate bureau with a Commissioner and suitable assistants for the proper discharge of its duties. It is rather a singular fact that during that year only one application for a patent was filed. The next year the number increased to 106. The increase has steadily grown, until in 1886 the applications filed numbered 21,797. The whole number of patents granted since 1836 is, in round numbers, 355,050.

Even the Holy Land is being deprived of all its picturesqueness. A big soap factory has been built where of old stood the town of Shechem; Beth-lehem has been rebuilt and gas introduced, Nazareth has become the headquarters of a large company of olive oil speculators, Casarea is being rebuilt in modern style, Mount Carmel has been bought up by land speculators, a glue factory is going up at Bamoth Gilead, while Jerusalem has been delivered over to all sorts of accidental improvements, including clocks on the public buildings, a street-cleaning bureau, the Parisian fashion journals, and even an occasional bicycle and telephone. The world is being too rapidly civilized into a cosmopolitanism which leaves no room for individualism or picturesqueness.

One of the most remarkable formations of common salt in this country, and indeed in the world, is that on the Island of Petile Anse, 125 miles west of New Orleans. It was discovered in 1862 while sinking a well, and was immediately seized by Jefferson Davis as a Confederate supply. The salt is underground at a depth ranging from ten to twenty-three feet. One hundred and fifty acres have, up to the present time, been traced, and a depth of 140 feet been reached. The salt is taken out in massive crystalline blocks, and is of the clearest white appearance. It is nearly chemically pure, contains 99.88 per cent. pure salt, the remaining fraction of a per cent. being gypsum and chloride of lime. The mines are owned by the Avery family, and are worked by a New York firm, which pays \$3,000 per month as a royalty for the privilege.

Natural gas wells are being utilized in the West. An editorial in the *Age of Steel* gives some valuable points gathered from Prof. John F. Carroll of the Pennsylvania Geological Survey. He had just returned from a tour of visitation to all the points in Illinois where there have been any indications of natural gas in any considerable quantities. It was learned through him that a considerable number of the houses in Cerro Gordo, a town twelve miles from Decatur, are being lighted and heated with natural gas, which is obtained from a depth of not over seventy feet. All over the central part of Illinois sufficient quantities of gas for household purposes may be obtained by drilling to a depth of from fifty to 125 feet. In this connection it was noticed that a gentleman in Guthrie County, Iowa, while boring for water, at a depth of 140 feet struck a strong flow of gas, which has continued to flow out of the two-inch pipe so strong that a man cannot stop it by pressing on the end with all his strength.

The annual wealth-producing capacity of the United States is far in advance of any other country. The statistic are: United States, \$825,000,000; France, \$375,000,000; Great Britain, \$325,000,000; Germany, \$200,000,000; other countries, \$725,000,000.

Chemists are advancing so rapidly in the perfection of explosives that we may soon be prepared to hear of the destruction of a fleet by a bomb or of an army by a grenade. The last frightful invention is a composition known as melinite, said to be ten times as powerful as nitroglycerine or any other substance heretofore put together.

According to the *Postal Guide*, there were in the United States on a recent date 54,166 postoffices. Of these 2,210 are "Presidential," that is, are filled by direct appointment by the executive. They are divided into three grades by salaries. Of the seventy-five offices of the first-class New York State contains ten. This State also leads in the second and third grades, having a total of 216 Presidential offices. Illinois follows with 178. In fourth-grade offices Pennsylvania leads with 3,879. Illinois has the largest number of money order offices, 611.

The Springfield *Union* is being quoted with wide spread approbation because it says: "The minister who preaches the best sermon, the lawyer who knows the most law and how to apply it, the doctor who has the most skill in his profession, the mechanic who understands his business, works hard and saves money, the storekeeper who gives full measure and does not put all the large apples on top, and so on down to Bridget in the kitchen who can keep the most tidy house—these are 'our best people.' To these remarks the Boston *Courier* answers as follows: "It is always rather a thankless task to find fault with fractional truths, yet no lie is more dangerous than one which can be only half denied. The minister who preaches the best sermon may beat his wife and wrong his neighbor; the lawyer who knows the most law and how to apply it is often enough an ardent knave; and so on through the list. It is pretty difficult to make a definition cover all cases, but when it comes to a measure of worth it is a good deal safer to be content with general expressions."

There is a law in San Francisco, aimed especially at the Chinese, requiring that sleeping apartments shall contain 500 cubic feet of pure air to each occupant. Recently two San Francisco police officers made raids on two lodging houses in the Chinese quarter, and arrested forty-seven violators of the law. As a matter of precaution, so that he might be able to identify the prisoners when they came to court, one of the officers marked each with a small sign written with an aniline pencil. When the defendants were brought before the judge they were represented by counsel, who declared that, as a separate complaint had been filed against each party, accused, each would have to be tried separately. The first one called up was found guilty, he having been identified by the small mark on his neck. In the language of the day, the other defendants "got on the mark business," and in a few minutes forty-six Chinamen were each observed waiting the tip of the right index finger with saliva and rubbing the spot where the mark had been. Two more of the defendants were called for trial, but each had to be discharged, as the officer was unable to find the identification mark. The cases of the others were postponed.

Bear Hunting in California.
John Bassett's well-earned reputation as a successful hunter of large game is in no way diminished by his later exploit. One day last week he tracked a large cinnamon bear to a cave near Bassett's, six miles from Sierra City. He came up with the bear just as it was about to enter the cave, and fired, killing him instantly. Mr. Bassett then entered the cave in search for relatives of the dead brute. He had gone in a distance of about twenty feet when the rude action of a 424-pound bear in permitting its paw to come in close proximity to Mr. Bassett's head caused his hasty retreat. In leaving the cave he noticed there were two bears in it. He carefully barricaded the entrance of the cave so as to prevent the bears from escaping, and in the morning again entered the cave and killed another of the bears. Leaving the sole remaining one in possession of the cave, he again barricaded the entrance. The next day he returned, to find that the bear had escaped by crawling through an aperture at the other end. —*Sierra Tribune*.

Army Names.
"I find these army names," said an old Indian, "sticking to a good many men in public life, and wherever I find the name I find a story. Over in my old district is a man named Sandy. To the ordinary observer there is no reason in the world for the nickname and no appropriateness in it. But in one of the very earliest skirmishes of the war he was on picket duty, and was directed to get as near the Confederate line as he could. He crept up to within a few feet of the vidette post of the Confederate pickets, and quietly digging a hole in the sand he burrowed there until nearly morning listening to all that was said. When he came back to report he must have shaken two or three quarts of sand from his clothes and his shoes, and the boys gave him on the spot the name of Sandy. It stuck to him through his army career, and now that he is in public life he is still called Sandy." —*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

SINK NOT.
Sink not! sink not beneath the scorn
That is upon you cast!
Remember you to care were born,
These will not always last.
Up with the sun, and work away
The night will come about.
And if you train yourself to-day
You'll put your foes to rout.
Oh, keep a faithful, willing heart!
And bravely burdens bear!
In life this is the greatest art,
To lessen every care.
Sink not! sink not beneath the load
Upon your shoulders cast!
The cares you have upon life's road
Shall not forever last.
—Howard C. Tripp, in *Current*.

"ALL BUT."
"Good by, dear Mary. I hate to have you go. It's like going into another world, so far away. Tell John I never shall be satisfied till he settles East. I never have quite forgiven him for moving to California."
"Oh, mother, when he's doing so well, I didn't want to go, but he did not get on here; a small salary and no prospect of a better, and the children coming!"
"Well, well, it was natural, and you can't feel it as I do, being younger; but you want to see the children some!"
"I guess I do."
"And by that you may guess how I want to see you."
And the old lady wiped her eyes. She was a stout woman, in a plaid flannel dustcoat and poke bonnet. The cloak was old and conspicuous, but Mrs. Watrous did not care for that, she wanted something soft to cover her dress, something that she could shake out of temporary creases, and keep on the hat-rack for daily use; that cloak covered her morning dress when she went out for daily supplies, and hid the worn sleeves and frayed waist of her old black silk when she took a shopping tour, or a drive with some kindly friend; for Mr. Watrous did not keep a horse. It was a useful garment, and her husband always called it "charity," because he said it covered a multitude of sins in his wife's dress.

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"I guess I do."
"And by that you may guess how I want to see you."
And the old lady wiped her eyes. She was a stout woman, in a plaid flannel dustcoat and poke bonnet. The cloak was old and conspicuous, but Mrs. Watrous did not care for that, she wanted something soft to cover her dress, something that she could shake out of temporary creases, and keep on the hat-rack for daily use; that cloak covered her morning dress when she went out for daily supplies, and hid the worn sleeves and frayed waist of her old black silk when she took a shopping tour, or a drive with some kindly friend; for Mr. Watrous did not keep a horse. It was a useful garment, and her husband always called it "charity," because he said it covered a multitude of sins in his wife's dress.

Mary Watrous, the only child of this respectable couple, had married eight years ago the teller in the bank where her father had been cashier for many years. At first John Dutton had been content with his position, but after his three boys were born he began to reflect on the future, and having a good offer from a cousin of his in San Francisco, a successful merchant there, he put his small patrimony of five thousand dollars into Sam Dutton's business, and now Dutton & Co. were making money steadily. This was the first time Mary had been home to see her parents after a three years' absence, and she had a new grandchild to exhibit—plump, rosy little Molly. The three boys were left at home with their father, under the nurse's charge. Mary thinking that she could take care of Molly better than John could look after the boys without Katy's help.

Mr. Watrous had gone to get the baggage checked, and Mrs. Watrous stood by the car, which waited on the track to be coupled to the express train just whistling in the distance; a train that made no stop in the next hundred miles. As Mrs. Watrous wiped the tears from her kind eyes, Mary held up Molly to the window to comfort the mother's heart with that lovely baby face set in yellow curls, lit by soft hazel eyes, just like her mother's, and sparkling with dimples.
"Fy, danpa!" she shouted, kissing her fat hand and smiling. She was delighted to go, for she liked to ride—for a time.
Grandma looked up with her heart in her eyes.
"You darlin' baby! Good by, good by."
"Hullo, Molly!" put in Grandpa's crisp voice.
"Good by, danpa!" baby responded, with another kiss.
"Here are your checks, Mary. Good by, again, dear. Mother, are you ready to go? I must be at the bank."
"Oh no! I must stay and see the last of them."
"Be careful, then, old lady. Don't get on to the track, or knocked down by the train. Counted your checks, Mary?"
"Yes, father. Good-by."
And off trotted Mr. Watrous, quite as grieved to part with his "girl" as he still called her, as his wife felt; but, man-like, unwilling or unable to express it.

Just behind the car, perhaps a rod from it, stood the engine of a local accommodation train, spitting and hissing ready to leave as soon as the California express should draw out. Mrs. Watrous was still close to the car when the fast train came in, passed her, and then was switched on to the rail and coupled on to the waiting car, she was holding Mary's hand when the two met, and the jar disturbed her; she started and almost fell.
"Oh, Mother! do be careful," were Mary's last words, as she let go the clinging fingers and gave a long, last look at the dear face, streaming with tears.
In another instant, just as she had replaced Molly on the seat and shut the window, she heard a scream outside. She sprang up and saw through the door, near which she was seated, her mother, lying prostrate on the track and the other engine coming from the station, though slowly. The express train on leaving this station at once took a curve to the south, so all that Mary saw was a part of her mother's body, in that unmistakable cloak, and two or three men running toward the track; but she saw enough. She dropped in a dead faint, hit her head against the corner of a seat, and lay insensible for hours; Molly screaming at the top of her voice, and all the women in the car devoting themselves to her and her mother.
At last Mary came out from her long swoon, and was able to tell the shocked passengers what she had seen, just as they reached the first stopping place. She insisted on getting off there, though she trembled all over, and her head swam with the blow which it had received. There would be no eastward train for three hours, the conductor said, and in that time, she thought, her self-possession would return. The conductor took Molly out, and into the station, and Mary was helped by a kindly passenger, who spoke with authority to the woman in charge. He was a director on the

road, and, consequently, Mary was well cared for—seated in the one rocking chair, a cup of hot tea brought her, and Molly beguiled by the woman's little child, who always accompanied her mother to her place of work. Left to herself Mary began to recall the fearful sight, to shudder, to remember her mother's words: "I must see the last of them!" Poor mother! she had indeed seen the last of her daughter and pretty Molly. And oh! why had she fainted? But for that she might have persuaded the conductor to stop right there and let her get off. Now, she could not return to her father till he knew all, and had to bear the shock alone. She had three hours to wait here, alone, impatient, distracted; and she could not reach her father before 6, his dinner hour.

Then she thought of him, of the sudden horror that had smitten him, and woman like, her thought went on into the future. Would he ever stay in L—? would he not come to her? But her house was small, her children growing; how could she make him comfortable? She would telegraph to John; her trunks coming before her would startle him. Then she reflected that he would not know the trunks had come unless she were there too. But he knew she was to leave! —to-day. She raised herself feebly from the rocking-chair, and asked the woman in charge where she should find the telegraph office.
"Well, I can tell you, but it won't be of no use. There was a tornado sweep over the county yesterday afternoon—at least over the south part of it—and the wires between here and Sent Lewis is all down." Mary sank back in her chair; she could do nothing for John. He must put up with his anxiety. An hour went by, local trains came and went, the usual sort of travelers came and went also. Molly began to cry; she was tired and hungry. Mary crept over to the restaurant, now open to feed the passengers of a northern accommodation train who dined there. She got some bread and milk for the child, and tried to eat something herself, but food choked her. She could only swallow another cup of tea. She took Molly on her lap and the child fell asleep then; the baby head resting on her bosom comforted that sore heart, yet she cried bitterly over it, recalling how often she had sat in her own mother's arms in her childhood, and, resting on her shoulder, found that blessed consolation that only a mother's arm can give. Oh, what should she do without mother! If she had only died peacefully in her bed, with tender ministrations about her, loving words of faith, tears of parting looks of farewell; but to be so snatched out of a happy life, so rent from all this world in one rushing moment. Oh! if ever she reached her California home in safety, she would never tempt a railway again! What if there had been an accident to the cars, and she had seen Molly crushed to death and could not lift a hand to save her!

She clasped the child so closely at that horrid thought that she cried out in her sleep. Mary hushed her, and tried to control her thoughts. She endeavored to recall the consolations of her earnest religious faith, but the words even of Scripture fell lifeless on her memory. Poor human nature is so weak both in mind and body, that a blow staggers it, and shakes even the foundations. She was stunned, hurt, desperate; neither submission nor resignation came at her call, she could only whisper a helpless, vague appeal to God, like—
"Children crying in the night,
And wailing language but a cry."

Presently Molly woke up, cross, hot, and quite intractable enough to occupy her mother for the next half-hour in soothing her fretful temper, washing the warm face and hands, smoothing the damp curls, and beguiling her sorrows with a red apple from the lunch-counter. Then, after a little while, the window of the ticket office opened. Mary bought her ticket to L—, dropped a dollar into the station-maid's hand, who received it with an astonished stare, and a grim "Thankye," and then, grasping little Molly's hand, went out into the fresh air and paced the platform till the porter shouted:
"Western Express! Passengers for the East! all aboard!"

Once homeward bound, it seemed as if her grief and terror were renewed. Molly slept; but in spite of all her efforts, Mary could not help recalling the last thing her eyes saw before she fainted, and her soul covered before what she must meet now. The way seemed interminable; there was a delay at one station waiting for a freight train that had jumped the track in the morning, and was neither off nor on as yet; and that delay involved another further on, when an excursion party of railway directors and their friends were due, and had the right of way. It was dark when Mary reached L—, but she took the first carriage that offered, and lifting in sleepy Molly, torn herself by conflicting emotions of grief, dread, and anxiety, she at last arrived at her father's door.

She paid the driver hurriedly, and with Molly in her arms rushed in at the front door, which happened to be unlocked. A bright light streamed from the glass door of the dining-room at the end of the hall. Breathless, panting, pale as a sheet, and with a face of woe, she flung open the door, dropped Molly from her grasp, and, with a wild shriek, flung herself into—her mother's arms. Yes; there was that d-plored mother, stout, hearty, uninjured in life or limb, just rising from the dessert that lingered on the dinner table, to see who came in at the front door in that eager, familiar fashion; and there sat her placid father, with the remainder of a big pear on his plate, his eyes as wide as eyes could open, his mouth agape, struck dumb by her entrance; for he had just said:
"I hope Mary has got to C— by this time, and taken her section in the sleeper. I telegraphed them to reserve a whole section; she will be so much more comfortable with Molly along."

And here she was! weary, weeping, pallid, almost hysterical.
"Why, Mary Dutton!" exclaimed her mother, after Mary had sobbed out her piteous story.
"Why, I never in the world thought you was looking out, or I'd have telegraphed to the train. You see that other engine was very near, and I'd got my eyes sort of dull with crying, and for a minute I stood still to get my balance, that coupling of the cars shook me so, you know. Then I saw the engine begin to come, and I started across; it was foolish, but there was time enough, only my cloak had got

road, and, consequently, Mary was well cared for—seated in the one rocking chair, a cup of hot tea brought her, and Molly beguiled by the woman's little child, who always accompanied her mother to her place of work. Left to herself Mary began to recall the fearful sight, to shudder, to remember her mother's words: "I must see the last of them!" Poor mother! she had indeed seen the last of her daughter and pretty Molly. And oh! why had she fainted? But for that she might have persuaded the conductor to stop right there and let her get off. Now, she could not return to her father till he knew all, and had to bear the shock alone. She had three hours to wait here, alone, impatient, distracted; and she could not reach her father before 6, his dinner hour.

unbuttoned at the top, and slipped back so it was caught in a splinter on the end of a tie, and that sort of hindered me. I stumbled, a woman screamed, for she thought I was going to fall, but I didn't. I caught myself up, the cloak tore off my back and fell down; for in the pull the other tution went, and I got over the other rail only just in time, and then I did fall, but not to hurt me, for a man had run forward to get me off the track, and I fell right against him. There's the cloak, pretty well run over."

Mary turned. The torn and dusty remnants of "charity" hung on a chair; for Mrs. Watrous had brought them out to illustrate her story to her husband.

Mary seized the ragged mass with eager fury and thrust it into the open fire, forcing it under the flame with the tongs.
"Oh, Mary!"
"Mother, I can't help it. The thing ought to be destroyed out of sight. I never could look at it again. Think! I made me believe you were run over; gave me all this agony of a whole day, this new journey, and brought me back, expecting to find you killed by the train!"
"Well, dear, I was; all but."
Mr. Watrous roared, Mary burst into tears, and mother placidly remarked:
"A miss is as good as a mile, isn't it?"
Nobody answered.—*Rose Terry Cooke, in Independent*.

The Gold Lost in the Sea by Wrecks.

The memory of the loss of £200,000 of silver and gold will survive the drowning of 1,000 souls in a coup. There was the Lutine, for instance. She was of thirty-two guns, commanded by Captain Skinner and she went ashore on the bank of the Fry Island passage on the night of October 9, 1799. At first she was reputed to have had six hundred thousand pounds sterling in specie on board. This was afterward contradicted by a statement that the return from the Bullion Office makes the whole amount about £140,000 sterling. "If," I find in a contemporary account, "the wreck of the unfortunate Lutine should be discovered, there may be reason to hope for the recovery of the bullion."

In the reign of James II. some English adventurers fitted out a vessel to search for and weigh up the cargo of a rich Spanish ship which had been lost on the coast of South America. They succeeded, and brought home £300,000, which had been forty-four years at the bottom of the sea. Captain Phipps, who commanded, had £20,000 for his share and the Duke of Albemarle £90,000. A medal was struck in honor of this event in 1687.

There was a very costly wreck in 1767. She was a Dutch East Indiaman, and founded in a storm within three leagues of the Texel, taking down all hands but six and £500,000. The price of four such Armadas as that of 1588 went down in the last century alone in the shape of gold, silver and plate. She was the annual register ship, as the term then was, and had in her 500,000 piastres and 10,000 ounces of gold on account of the King, and twice that sum on the merchants' account, making her a very rich ship. She foundered, and no man escaped to tell how and when.

In the same year the Dutch lost the Antonietta, an Indiaman, and with her sank £700,000 sterling, beside jewels of great value. The Royal Charter is the most notable modern instance of the wreck of a "treasure" ship that I can just now call to mind. She left Australia with £350,000 in her. Of this sum, says Charles Dickens in his chapter on this dreadful shipwreck in the "Memoirs of a Naval Officer," £300,000 worth were recovered, at the time of the novelist's visit to the spot where she had driven ashore. "The great bulk of the remainder," writes Dickens, "was surely and steadily coming up. Some loss of sovereigns there would be, of course; indeed, at first sovereigns had drifted in with the sand, and been scattered far and wide over the beach like sea shells but most other golden treasure would be found. So tremendous had the force of the sea been when it broke the ship that it had beaten one great ingot of gold into a strong and heavy piece of her solid iron work in which also several loose sovereigns, that the ingot had swept in before it, had been found as firmly embedded as though the iron had been forced there." This is a curiosity of disaster, but mightily suggestive of the sea's miserly trick of concealing her plunder.—*London Telegraph*.

Tobogganing Enthusiasm.

"I have been up in a balloon—and I've been down in a diving bell," exclaimed a man who seemed full of enthusiasm, "but never before have I had such a sensation as this toboggan slide has given me." It fairly thrills with exhilaration all who go down, and they all want to try it again. A lady who took her little boy to see the sport was asked why she didn't let him go down. "Let him go," she indignantly exclaimed; "not for a thousand dollars!" But the little fellow finally became so persistent that his mother actually let him go down, and then nothing could hold him; go he would, and he kept it up for a long time, till he had to be dragged away.—*Hartford Times*.

A Specific Against Hunger.

Talking about fasting men, the following recipe, according to the philosopher Epimenides, who lived for fifty years in a cavern with no apparent means of sustenance, is a specific against hunger: Cooked squills, or else onions, to be chopped up and mixed with a fifth part of oily grain seedsmums and a fifteenth part of poppy heads. This compound to be ground up together with some honey and shaped into balls of about the size of a large olive, which is about equal to that of a small walnut. People cannot starve if they eat one ball at about 8 o'clock and another at about 4. This discovery surely is worthy of a trial.—*London Times*.

Sharp Practice.

Petted Bride: "Here is the bill for that fur cloak that I told you about. It's lovely."
Indulgent Husband (looking at bill): "Great Scott! You said you could get that cloak for a mere song."
"So I did."
"Do you mean to say that amount represents a mere song?"
"Yes, a Patti song." —*Tid-Bits*.

WISE WORDS.

Nothing is so fearful as a bad conscience.
To do right is the bud, blossom and fruit of wisdom.

Life is a quarry, out of which we are to mold and chisel and complete a character.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories; they are strongest for things a long way off.

One should conquer the world, not to enthrone a man, but an idea, for ideas exist forever.

Whether happiness may come or not, one should try and prepare one's self to do without it.

The burden which was thoughtlessly and even ignorantly taken up must be patiently borne.

Failure, after long perseverance, is much grander than never having made an effort to succeed in business.

The man to whom virtue is but the ornament of character, something over and above, not essential to it, is not yet a man.

A man's heart gets cold if he does not keep it warm by living in it, and a censorious man is one who ordinarily lives out of his own heart.

Out of the suffering comes the serious mind; out of salvation, the grateful heart; out of endurance, fortitude; out of deliverance, faith.

It cannot be too deeply impressed upon the mind that application to study is to be paid for mental acquisitions, and that it is as absurd to expect it without it as it is to look for a harvest without seeds.

Swiss Agriculture.

The *American Cultivator* presents the following interesting matter in relation to Switzerland and the dairy interests there:

Switzerland, representing an area of 16,000 square miles and a population of over 2,750,000, is in every way a remarkable country, small in area, but rich in natural gifts and beauties; her agriculture, industry, and commerce are the theme of general admiration.

Switzerland possesses over one million of black cattle, of which about 600,000 are cows; on an average each cow yields five quarts of milk per day. The total value of milk products is valued at 162,000,000 francs. The total production of cheese per annum is 42,000 tons, that which required more than one half of all the milk yielded. Forty-five per cent. of the cheese is prepared from the whole milk; the remaining fifty-five per cent. is skimmed to make 15,000 tons of butter, a quantity insufficient for the population, as 2,000 tons are imported from France. Every inhabitant consumes yearly fourteen pounds of butter, eighteen pounds of cheese, and thirty-seven gallons of milk.

An Egyptian Cafe.

An Alexandria letter to the *Detroit Free Press* says: The cafe is as great an institution with the people of the Orient as it is with the French, and the warm climate makes the shaded outdoor tables the popular ones, and they are crowded all day, whether along the Mohammed Ali square and in the crowded business places or in the back alleyways where the visitors sit or recline on cane-bottomed lounges and meditatively draw long draughts of peace. Where all these men get a living is a mystery, as thousands of them do nothing all day but drink coffee and smoke. The shopkeeper in his little 10x10 store smokes his nargileh while waiting for a customer. The thing is as necessary to an Egyptian as his hat, and possibly more so; and the comfortable expression on the face of one of these smoking is good to see.

Hunger the Best Sauce.

"I seldom talk about the War," said the Union soldier, "but I think about it sometimes. Whenever I look out of the window and see old Kennesaw Mountain I think of the best dinner I ever ate. For months and months we had been living on hardtack and saw-belly. About the time we reached Marietta a crowd of us came upon an old, deserted house and found some Irish potatoes and onions. We stewed the potatoes and feasted. Never since have I tasted such a dinner. Ten thousand times have I thought of it. I think of it every time I see a restaurant, and every time I see a specially fine spread. For twenty years I have been haunted by the memory of that dinner, where Irish potatoes took the place of hardtack and fat meat." —*Atlanta Constitution*.

The Oldest Tree in Europe.

The oldest tree on record in Europe is asserted to be the Cypress of Somma, in Lombardy, Italy. This tree is believed to have been in existence at the time of Julius Caesar, forty-two years B.C., and is therefore 1,911 years old. It is 106 feet in height and twenty feet in circumference at one foot from the ground. Napoleon, when laying down his plan for the great road over the Simplon, diverged from a straight line to avoid injuring this tree. Superior antiquity is claimed for the immense tree in Calaveras county, California. This is supposed, from the number of concentric circles in the trunk, to be 2,565 years old.

A Fearful and Wonderful Instrument.

A reporter of the *Paris Gaulois* has interviewed Maurel, the singer, on the subject of Verdi's new opera, "Otello." It seems that the composer has absolutely invented several new instruments, as he desires to have no German brass in his orchestra. Among other things he has added a fifth string to his violins, and has constructed a fearful and wonderful instrument in copper, wood and ass's skin, which is to emit a note "extraordinarily lugubrious and strange" at the moment when Otello smothered Desdemona.

Maxims.

Who builds the fire for his wife,
Much happiness will know in life.
Who ashes on his sidewalk throws,
Will always have more friends than foes.
Who keeps his bonnet at the play,
Will meet with blessings every day.
Who lets his letters promptly mails,
Nep is not to tell tedious tales.
—*Boston Courier*.

A WONDERFUL MACHINE.

IT TELLS WHETHER RAILROAD TRACKS NEED REPAIRING.

Dropping Splashes of a Colored Fluid From a Moving Train Wherever Imperfections Occur.

Three or four times every summer a certain car with an engine is seen rushing over the Vanderbilt system of railroads or any of the New England railroads. Employees of these railroads call it "the spotter." From it as it rolls along is dashed here and there upon a rail below a splash of colored fluid, and if the rail near the splash is examined it will be found that it needs repairing.

The spotter may be seen at this time of the year under the sheds in the yards of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad at Forty-sixth street and Madison avenue, where the private cars of President Depew and the directors are sheltered from the weather. It is not an extraordinary car in appearance, but any stranger who gets inside of it will be astonished. The spotter is an office and a home the year round for a member of the National Academy of Science and his wife. It is a chemical laboratory, a photograph gallery, and a workshop for general scientific purposes. It has a piano, chests of drawers, a bunk, and closets. It has a laboratory and a bathroom. It has a kitchen with all that that implies, including an old-fashioned Quaker armchair, set conveniently, closets, and a little iron range two feet square. On the outside, under the eaves of this strange dwelling, is the legend, "P. H. Dudley's Dynamograph and Track Inspection Car." P. H. Dudley is the member of the National Academy, who makes it his home.

Mrs. Dudley was at home yesterday to a reporter for the Sun. A pretty door mat on the car platform was a reminder that it was a muddy day outside. Mrs. Dudley is a bright, black-eyed lady, who is proud of being able to help her academic husband in his work, and indicates as much in everything she says. She left a place as organist in Grace Episcopal Church, in Cleveland, to help him. The reception end of the car is the workshop end, and it was as neat as wax.

"Yes, we have lived here for almost ten years," said Mrs. Dudley. "I would not live anywhere else in the world now. I never knew what it was to be really happy until I lived here. My husband and I am absorbed in work. The work is here where we can be together. We travel, and yet we stay at home."

Mrs. Dudley's description of domestic life on a railroad car was interrupted by a vigorous stamping of feet on the door mat outside, and presently by the entrance of a big, brown-bearded man, who introduced himself as Mr. Dudley, returned home from a meeting of the National Academy of Sciences at Columbia College. He plunged at once into an animated description of the automatic machine which he invented, and which gives to this singular car the name of the spotter. This machine is not larger than an ordinary office desk. The end of the car in which it is contained weighs over 34,000 pounds. So much weight is necessary in order that the machinery may be held firmly down to its work. The chief result obtained by the machine is to indicate where the rails are wearing out. Wear usually begins to show first where the ends of the rails meet. The end of a rail which a car wheel is leaving, sinks under the pressure, and as the wheel passes upon the next rail it finds a slight elevation, which receives a sharp blow. Little by little in this way the forward rail is bitten out. Railroad men call this process "cutting the joint." Another defect in rails is a general waviness in the whole surface length. Passengers on a swiftly moving train in passing over this kind of track feel an unpleasant "burr-r-r," which shakes the car. Rails also bend in the middle while they are high in the quarters. These conditions and others interesting to scientific students are written down by the machine as the car proceeds on its way. A row of a dozen or more pens in a line across the top of a table map out the condition of the track on a wide and apparently endless sheet of paper, which runs through the machine as the tape runs through a ticker. After the sheet is taken from the machine and rolled up it resembles a roll of stair carpet. The lines made by the pens are more or less wavy, according to the condition of the track; the worse the track the more wavy the lines. An inch of length on the paper is fifty feet on the track. The apparatus which conveys these results to the machine is suspended over each track, and can be adjusted to show a deflection in the surface of the track of .03 of an inch. The distance between the tracks (or the alignment, as railroad men term it, borrowing from military nomenclature) is shown within 1-10 of an inch. By ordinary methods these could not be discovered.

There are two tanks of ink under the car. One is over each track, and each has a capacity of 200 pounds of fluid. By an automatic arrangement, when a defect in the track comes under the car, a valve is opened and a sixth of a cubic inch of this fluid is dropped to the ground. The fluid is an indelible chemical mixture of a steel-blue color, and it makes a splash as big as a man's hand on the inside of the rail, where it cannot be easily worn out.

Mr. Dudley can discover by reading the record whether the rails are steel or iron. More than that, he can determine of what kind of steel the rail is, and can make a shrewd guess where it came from. Last there should be a breakdown, the most important parts of the record are duplicated, so that the trip need not be made a second time. One duty of the machine is to sum up in feet and inches the condition of the track, in order that the results of the year may be compared with those of a preceding year. One line of the tape shows the number of miles of track gone over. From this record is made a chart by which the railroad company sells tickets. Mr. Dudley has made out ticket charts for many railroads. Another line shows how much the car tips sideways. The machinery consists of a pendulum swung under the car. Mr. Dudley has other pens which record results which interest himself particularly, such as indicating whether the car is on a tangent or on a curve, how fast the car is moving, and the up-and-down motion of the car springs. He is also a chemist, and has a laboratory at one end of the apartment. Sometimes Mr. Dudley finds a laboratory

in a car pretty expensive, as, for instance, recently, when a jolt of the car by an engine hitched to it broke \$25 worth of delicate chemical glass.

Fasted to the sides of the car are framed photographs of microscopically enlarged sections of wooden ties, used to support rails. Mr. Dudley knows what are the best woods for ties, and what are the causes of decay. He has found, he says, that it is not exposure to the weather which causes the decay of railroad ties, but a species of fungus. If ties could be often swept clean, they would stay sound.—*New York Sun.*

Execution by the Sword in Siam.

Preparations were made by inserting in the ground three bamboo crosses about two feet in length, to which the arms of the doomed men were to be tied, they sitting on the ground, and three poles about six feet long upon which were to be placed the heads of the criminals, says Colonel Jacob Child, writing from Siam to the Richmond (Mo.) *Conservator*. This done the crowd was driven back. The doleful sound of a gong beating at short intervals, the sudden hush of the crowd told that the prisoners were approaching, and in the centre of a squad of soldiers and policemen they entered the place that had been reserved, about thirty feet square. The soldiers and police formed in a square as a means of keeping the spectators back. A Siamese nobleman examined the crosses to see that everything was ready; the Judges of the court were in attendance, escorted by attendants bearing swords in red velvet sheaths. The prisoners, three in number, the King, who is very humane, having commuted the sentence of fourteen to imprisonment for life on his birthday, seemed perfectly cool and collected. They had each a long bamboo pole, some six feet in length, on their necks, in the front of which was an oval piece of wood through which their hands were placed, with chains on their necks and legs. In a short time the yokes and chains on their necks were taken off, and as the ground was wet and muddy by the tramping of the crowd, large banana leaves were placed on the ground and they were ordered to squat down on them; then they were fastened to the crosses, the flowers and sticks were stuck up in the ground in front of them, the sticks lighted, and for a few minutes the victims of the law prayed most fervently in silence, they having been engaged in prayer at the wat about four hours previous to being brought to the place of execution. This over, mud was inserted in their ears so that they could not hear the executioners when they approached, and were instructed to lean forward and keep their eyes riveted on the flowers and burning sticks. While waiting the coming of the executioner the chief of the band of robbers smoked a cigarette, and it was only by the heaving of his chest that one could detect any emotion. All of a sudden the crowd parted, three executioners, dressed in red and gold fringe on their clothes, glided through the opening, dancing as they came, saluted with their shining swords and on reaching the prisoners the bright steel flashed in the air, you heard a thud, the head fell to one side hanging by a piece of skin, and the law was avenged. With another salute the executioners disappeared, then a man with a sharp knife severed the heads and stuck them on the poles, a hideous sight, then coolly chopped the hands of the dead men off so as to get the iron that were solidly riveted on, and the bodies were left on the ground for the vultures to eat or for their friends to steal and give burial after nightfall. The heads were taken off simultaneously, so quick that I could scarcely realize it, and it seems to me that death was instantaneous, save that the heads showed spasmic action, the eyes and mouth opening and shutting, which lasted for some time after being on the poles.

The crowd in attendance was most orderly—not a drunken man to be seen, and entire silence prevailed—and when the execution was over left the grounds without the least confusion, and there could not have been less than a thousand present. The prisoners were old offenders, one of them, I was informed, having been implicated in fifteen robberies and several murders. He was the chief, but had slipped through the meshes of the law repeatedly by the use of money; the others were younger men, and one of worthy parentage, but his money did not save him, as an example was needed to put a stop to outlaws, and it has done so, for the robberies have ceased and the band is broken up.

A Coward's Monument.

A monument to a coward! Yes, that is it. One of Sherman's men, who was so well pleased when he came here about twenty years ago that he decided to locate permanently, says that in Brown county, Indiana, before the war, there was a great big lubberly fellow, named John Crittenden, who was regarded in school as the biggest coward in the State. Anybody could run over John Crittenden. When the war broke out the coward joined an artillery company. At Hartsville, Tenn., Morgan's cavalry charged the battery to which John Crittenden belonged, and when the order was given to retreat the coward alone stood by the guns, and, while in the act of loading, a sabre thrust ended his life. His body was sent to his home, and a great funeral took place. The coward had become the hero, and a monument was erected to mark his resting-place and tell the story of how he died.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Working for Amusement.

A wealthy bachelor of middle age exhibits a pair of brown hands to his friends, shows marks of toil upon them, and explains that he has become a workman to kill time and drive away the blues. In one of his elegant apartments he has put up a cabinetmaker's bench, fitted with a complete set of the finest tools, and there he spends his spare time, which is considerable, making bookcases, desks, sets of drawers, cabinets and so on. He hired an expert to teach him how to dovetail, make close joints, and do everything in workmanship manner, and now he can turn out as nice work as anybody. Black walnut, shellac and varnish have stained his hands, and he is rather proud of their appearance. "Must do something," he says, "When a man has an income sufficient for all his wants his greatest problem is to kill time."—*Clara Belle's New York Letter.*

ROMANCE OF INVENTION.

INVENTIONS THAT WERE THE RESULT OF MERE CHANCES.

Application of Lenses to Telescopes—The Power Loom—Valve Motion—Result of an Accident.

Not the least interesting feature of the veritable romance of invention is the fact that some of the greatest and most momentous inventions have been made by the merest chance.

Thus the application of lenses to the uses of the telescope was accidentally learned by a watchmaker's journeyman. He was trifling with a pair of spectacle glasses, and holding them between his thumb and forefinger, was startled at the greatly enlarged appearance of a distant church steeple. An alchemist—the medieval name for what we should call a scientific investigator—while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the hardest crucibles, one day found that he had made porcelain. The art of mezzotint owed its discovery to such a simple event as the gun barrel of a sentry becoming rusted with dew, while the rhythmic swaying to and fro of a great chandelier in the gusty aisles of a cathedral suggested to Galileo the motion of the pendulum.

The manner in which the manufacture of tin-plate became general is worth relating. Our so-called "tinware" is really thin sheet-iron coated with tin. It may seem an easy and a simple matter to cleanse the surfaces of a sheet-iron article of all impurities and then dip it in a bath of molten tin, but in practice there are several minor details that for years were kept a profound secret by the Dutch. At length an Englishman went to Holland, concealed himself in a tin-plate factory, became possessed of the process, and came away with it. The manufacture of Russia leather outside of Russia became possible in a similar surreptitious manner.

The power-loom, we are told, is the invention of a farmer's boy who had little acquaintance with machinery. He whittled out one with his jack-knife, and after it was completed and put together he showed it, with no little pride, to his father. The honest man at once kicked it to, pieces, saying he would not have a son around the house who would waste his time on such trifles. The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his new master soon took a lively interest in him. He made another loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up, and showed it to his master. The blacksmith at once perceived he had no ordinary boy for an apprentice, and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, while the boy—now a young man—received half the profits. One day the blacksmith wrote to the father that he should bring to visit him a wealthy gentleman who was the inventor of the famous power loom. Judge of the astonishment at the old homestead when the son and the father met, and the latter was informed that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces!

The invention of the valve motion to a steam engine was made by a mere boy, though in this case the lad "budded better than he knew." The engine constructed by Newcomen was a cumbersome and incomplete affair, from the fact that there was no way to open and close the valve except by means of levers operated by hand. He set up a large engine for pumping at one of the English coal mines, and a boy named Humphrey Potter was hired to work these levers. Although this was not hard, yet it required constant attention. As he was working the valves he saw that certain parts of the engine moved in a similar direction at the same time that the valves had to be opened and closed. He procured a stout cord, and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine and the other end to the valve lever, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the valves opened and closed with perfect regularity of motion. A short time afterward the overseer came around, and was astonished to see the boy playing marbles outside the door, while the regular clank clank of the machinery seemed to say that he was not neglecting his work. Looking in at the engine, he saw at once the happy device of the boy and its value. The idea thus suggested was put into practical and enduring form, and thenceforth the steam-engine became an automatic working monster.

A rather laughable story is that anent the origin of blue-tinted paper, once so much in vogue for commercial uses. The wife of an English paper manufacturer named William East, going into the factory on the domestic wash-day with an old-fashioned bluing-bag in her hand, accidentally let the bag and its contents fall into a vat full of pulp. She thought nothing of the incident, and said nothing about it either to her husband or his workmen. Great was the astonishment of the latter when the paper turned out a peculiar blue color, while the master was wroth at what he regarded as gross carelessness on the part of some of the hands. His wife—wise woman—kept her own counsel. The lot of paper was regarded as unsalable, and was stored for four years. At length East consigned it to his London correspondent with instructions to sell it for what it would bring. The unlucky paper was accepted as a happily designed novelty, and was disposed of in open market at considerable advance in price. Judge of Mr. East's surprise when he received from his agent an order for a large invoice of the despised blue paper! Here was a pretty dilemma; he was totally ignorant of the manner in which the paper had become blue in color, and in his perplexity mentioned the matter to his wife. She promptly enlightened her lord; he in turn kept the simple process secret, and was for years the monopolist of the blue commercial paper manufacture.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The area of Brazil is 3,218,166 square miles, or larger than Canada, and nearly as large as the United States. The population, according to the last census, was 10,108,291, negroes, mulattoes and Europeans, besides about one million aboriginal Indians. There are about one million five hundred thousand slaves.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Tar as a fuel for ocean steamers is now talked of, and a German named Poem, of Stuttgart, is about to make experiments with a furnace he has designed, on a novel plan, for the purpose.

It is better to connect lightning-rods directly to the iron mains, but where this is not possible, a connection with the lead service pipe will serve a good purpose. There is no danger in painting a rod, as the charge does not travel solely upon the surface.

It seems that Lieut. Greely believes in the theory that there is an open sea, some 1,500 miles in diameter, round about the pole, that never freezes, the conjecture being that the pole itself is the centre of an ice-capped land, covered with ice from 1,000 to 4,000 feet thick.

The feasibility of using the telephone upon moving trains, especially where the traffic is not crowded, has been satisfactorily demonstrated by experiments upon thirty-three German railroads. On heavier lines, it appears, the telephone has not proved sufficient for the purpose, and has been used as an auxiliary to the telegraph.

According to the recent Franklin Institute test, one pound of coal will yield an amount of light averaging 150 candles with the electric arc light about sixty per cent. of this if glass shades be used, twenty candles with incandescent lamps, and four on to seventeen candles with gas. In this estimate it is assumed that steam coal is burned under a good boiler for the electric lights, and that the gas is obtained from a bituminous coal.

An artist of Geneva, it is announced, has found a method of making a compensating balance for a watch on which magnetism has absolutely no effect. A watch fitted with a balance of this kind, and with a spiral of palladium, submitted to the action of a very powerful electro-magnet, will stop immediately; but so soon as it is removed from the magnetic influence it goes on again, without the regulation being in any way interfered with. An ordinary watch, on the contrary, when submitted to a similar test, has a movement absolutely erratic when set going again.

The fur-seal has been many times confounded with the hair-seal. Two animals more dissimilar in their individuality and method of living can hardly be imagined, although they belong to the same group and live apparently upon the same food. The hair-seal, white or gray in color, common on every marine shore, has no generic affinity with those seals with which it has usually been associated, the fur-seal and the sea lion. It no more resembles them than does the raccoon a black or gray bear.

It is estimated that each year from 34,000 to 35,000 cubic miles of rain falls upon the surface of the globe. What becomes of it? The rivers seldom carry off one half, except in regions of close-grained rocks; the rest disappears by evaporation, by the absorption of the earth, and by being taken up by plants, animals and mineral oxidation. In most parts of temperate latitudes the removal by rivers is from a third to two-fifths of what falls; in warm latitudes the amount is less, and may be under one-tenth. The Mississippi carries away one-fourth of the rainfall of its drainage area; the Missouri, three-twentieths; the Ohio, one-fourth; the rivers of England and Wales, nine-sixteenths.

Barbaric Persian Punishments.

One of my traveling companions told me that he saw the skeletons of several robbers who had been seized and put to death. A small round tank of brick had been constructed, as high as to a man's chin. The condemned man was then put into the tank, and newly mixed plaster of paris poured in, until the tank was full. The man was thus suffocated, and permanently fixed as a warning to other highwaymen. Sometimes the condemned one is placed with the head down in a tank, or in a hole excavated for the purpose, and the liquid plaster is poured in until the body is firmly fixed; the feet and ankles are left to protrude. A chief of one of the Loree clans entered an Armenian village, at the head of several horsemen, at night, being exasperated at the refusal of the people to comply with his demands, and at the words spoken by some of the people. They took the priest and some of the principal men of the village, and tied them one by one in a sack with a large dog, and then beat the dog until in his rage he killed the man tied up with him. The Persian Governor, hearing of the affair, made a hunting excursion into the territory of the tribe. Etiquette required that the chief should visit the Prince. He was sumptuously entertained in the pavilion of the Governor, his followers being without. When his suspicions had been dispelled, in a moment an iron band was slipped about his neck and chains put upon his feet, and he was thrown alive into one of the furnaces with which the baths are heated.—*Bassett's "Persia."*

Brulin and the Baby.

Mr. Brown, of Miles City, Montana, owned a pet bear, which he kept chained in his back yard. By some unaccountable means the animal broke his chain and was soon roaming at large through the streets. A little three-year-old child met the shaggy brute and playfully walked up to him and pulled his mane, all the time supposing brulin to be a large, good-natured dog. The bear, however, soon showed his true nature by seizing the child and dragging her off to the foothills, endeavoring to escape with his prey to the mountains. The father and a number of citizens started in pursuit, overtook the bear and filled his hide with lead. He died holding the child in his fierce grip, although the little one got off with only a few scratches and a bad scare.

The Romance of a Statue.

Probably no class of persons suffer more from wintry weather in Paris than poor artists and students. Sad tales are told of some of these poor young fellows. Once a sculptor was found dead in his bed from cold, while the beloved statue at which he was working was wrapped round with all the coverings he thought he could spare from his bed and person, so that it might not be damaged by the severe frost. This statue, minus the limb which the unfortunate author had not lived to finish, now stands in the courtyard of the Palais des Beaux Arts.—*London Globe.*

"SHOOTING" AN OIL WELL.

RAISING PETROLEUM FROM ITS UNDERGROUND PRISON.

A Curious Process in the Pennsylvania Oil Region.—A Theory as to the Origin of Oil.

For two hours recently, writes Samuel P. Leland in the Chicago *Tribune*, I stood in a bleak wind to witness the process of "shooting" an oil well. This is accomplished by letting down with a strong wire on a windlass tin tubes about three inches in diameter and fourteen feet long, filled with nitro-glycerine. Each of these tubes will hold about twenty quarts of the liquid. If the blast is to be made at the bottom of the well then the first can or tube is let down to rest upon the bottom, but if the stratum of rocks which it is desired to "shoot" be above the bottom, as is frequently the case, then smaller tubes are fastened upon the first charging tube for a support. These may be thirty or fifty feet long, or even more. The lower end of this tube, of course, rests on the bottom of the well, and sustains the charged tubes, which are carefully let down one upon the other until sixty, eighty, or even 100 quarts are thus deposited. In doing this every movement must be made with the utmost care, and is attended with great danger.

The liquid weighs about four pounds to the quart, hence a great weight must be provided for. On the upper end of the topmost tube an explosive cap is placed. The charge is exploded by dropping an iron slug, called, in the nomenclature of the oil country, a "go-devil." Cautious persons keep at a good distance. The operator gives the alarm and lets the slug drop. In a well 2,000 feet deep, filled with gas or oil, the weight may be twenty or even twenty-five seconds in descending. If the well is clear, of course its descent is more rapid. The first sensation one feels is a heavy thud, like the dropping of a great weight on the rocks. The next a trembling of the ground, and then a rushing roar, followed by a slight explosion, and a stream of sand, oil, water, pulverized "go-devil," and tubes, and black gas goes shrieking into the air in a dense column a hundred feet or more, and all is over.

If the blast is an effective one it is immediately followed by a flow of oil or gas. Often a dead and worthless well will at once begin to flow after the shock. One well near Butler that was dead and thought worthless was awakened to activity by a heavy blast and rewarded the owner with a flow of 700 barrels of oil daily.

A sixty-quart blast costs the owner of the well about \$100, including the labor of placing it. This labor, as has been said, is attended with great danger. Sometimes, when the well is full of gas, the torpedo, after descending a few hundred feet, will be driven violently out of the well. In that case it is certain to explode by hitting the timbers of the derrick or when it reaches the ground in its descent. In either case general destruction of everything is certain.

Sometimes upon the explosion of a torpedo in a well, a large volume of oil is thrown into the air. This is often a sight of surpassing beauty, the oil breaking as it falls into countless drops, and each drop becoming a prism to reflect the sun's rays in matchless coloring.

So far the gas wells and oil wells are treated alike.

About the origin of oil and gas there has been much speculation. The surface indications are very unreliable. Some notion, however, may be formed from a knowledge of the geological structure of the rocks underlying a country. For instance, the gas and oil regions of Pennsylvania are on the central beds of the Devonian system, or old red sandstone, made famous by the writings of Hugh Miller. As is well known this formation is below the carboniferous system, in which are the coal measures. Long ago the notion was abandoned that the oil and gas come from coal. It is much more probable that they have an animal origin. The early seas were prolific of life, and the unsubstantial crust of the earth readily yielded to the volcanic forces. This caused continents and seas to frequently change places. By these upheavals of the ocean beds the waters were driven with great violence outward, carrying measureless masses of the shell fishes and crustaceans into the great estuaries and burying them under beds of sand and mud. These beds hardened into rocks. In the e depositions, the sand being heavier than the mud, naturally fell to the bottom. This accounts for the fact that in nearly all oil borings a rock of slate or shale is passed before reaching the oil sand.

These vast beds of carboniferous matter, closely sealed, generated "spontaneous heat," and so intense was this heat that the oil was literally "fried" out of the organic forms. This oil was deposited in great basins, or mixed with the vast beds of sand. The weight of the superincumbent crust of the earth makes the wells flow, if the oil is abundant. If not, the pump must be used.

Add to this material water and atmospheric air, and gas is produced by the same process. And such gas, too, as the wells produce—rich in carbon, but largely lacking nitrogen; hence this gas is good for fuel, but has not the proper qualities for illuminating purposes. Knowing so much, we have, at least, a slight guide. The gas formation in Pennsylvania, stretching from Bradford on the north, in an irregular line, with varying width, to Washington County on the south, lies on what geologists call an "inclined."

A Costly Note.

The Marquis de Santiago, who is equally well known for his millions and for his liberality to professional singers and other artists, lately accented Gayerre, who is at this moment earning laurels in Spain: "To hear your upper C fall from the chest I would gladly give 2,000 francs (\$100)." Gayerre at once sat down to the piano, and, running up the scale, rang out the magic C as clear as a bell. The Marquis cried, "Encore!" The tenor willingly complied, and gave a succession of upper C's. Our enraptured Macenas handed over his pocketbook, while expressing his fears that the amount did not reach up to the height of his marvelous voice. Gayerre bowed his thanks, adding: "I am prepared, Marquis, to sign on the spot a yearly engagement with you on the same terms."—*La Nation.*

THE RAM.

My love's a maiden fair,
And she's sweet,
She has a modest air,
And she's neat;
Her hair is golden brown,
And in ringlets it hangs down;
She's pretty from her crown
To her feet.

But 'tis not her charming face,
Fair to see,
Nor her modesty and grace,
I am free
To confess, nor any wiles
She employs, my heart beguiles,
But she keeps her sweetest smiles
All for me.

—*Boston Courier.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Passing around the hat is one way of getting the cents of the meeting.—*Sift.*

There is one branch of labor which must always be done by hand—picking pockets.

A new kind of stone is called "The Infant." It ought to be painted yellow.—*Rocheater Post-Express.*

Firemen are rather discouraging fellows; it is their business to throw water on things.—*Lowell Citizen.*

The men of energy and pluck Have found this maxim wise— It never pays to run for luck Unless you advertise.

—*Springfield Union.*

A new book is entitled: "Hold Up Your Heads, Girls." We trust they won't as long as they wear the present style of hat.—*Boston Post.*

A Charleston paper speaks of an opal "as large as a small hen's egg." We should think it would be difficult to set.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says she can see more light than darkness in the world. So can we, Ella, when the sidewalks are one sheet of ice.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Softly the snow, in solemn night,
Covers bad things, like a pure, sweet mind,
Covers each house with a mantle of white,
But it never covers the mortgage, we find.

—*Goodall's Sun.*

The income of Madame Patti from her present six months' tour in this country, will be about \$150,000. A good harmonica can be bought for fifteen cents.—*Tid-Bits.*

A New Haven man boasts of a cat that sits up like a kangaroo. We've never noticed how the cat on our back fence sits up; we only know that he yells all night like a hyena.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A Michigan woman kicked a bear to death. She had an awful sore throat, which accounts for her deviation from the usual method of scaring them to death by screaming.—*Danville Breeze.*

Jogg—"Ah, old man! How is everything? Got nicely settled down?" Hogg—"Oh, yes, I settled down quickly enough. The trouble is that all my creditors are trying to make me settle up."—*Lowell Citizen.*

He had just reached the stage where he remarked: "Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air, clad in the beauty of a thousand stars," when a mother's voice was heard exclaiming: "Lucee, get your bean to carry out the ash barrel."—*New York Journal.*

First tramp—"I never failed yet to make money out of anything I tackled." Second tramp—"You ought to be rich." "No I oughtened; I am as poor as an amateur violin performance." "How is it possible, if you make money on everything you tackled, that you are in such reduced circumstances?" "You see I make it a point never to tackle anything."—*Siftings.*

Stallion Against Bull.

A singular combat took place recently in a cattle car on the Air-Line Railroad between an Alderney bull and a Norman stallion. The two animals were boxed in a car at Depaw, Ind., for shipment to Louisville, Ky. A strong partition was built between them. The train was running near New Albany about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when a brakeman, passing over the car, heard a furious bellowing beneath, and, climbing down the side of the car, found that the partition between the two animals had been broken down and the infuriated brutes were engaged in deadly conflict. The train was stopped and the crew gathered around the car, but no means could be devised for stopping the encounter. The iron heels of the horse were planted with telling effect upon the bull's head, and the horse was gored in a horrible manner. Finally the stallion got in a blow between the bull's eyes, and the latter fell dead. The horse was so badly injured that it also died.

A Great Singer's Will.

Before starting for America Madam Adelina Patti made her will and deposited it in the hands of a London attorney. The various clauses, in so far as they are known, are of interest. Half of her fortune is bequeathed to her husband and one-quarter goes to the family of her brother-in-law, Mr. Strakosch, while the remainder is to be devoted to the foundation of "Patti scholarships," for the benefit of talented female singers in all the large cities in which the diva earned her brightest laurels. In the last paragraph she makes known her wishes in reference to her grave, which in summer and winter is to be adorned with fresh flowers, as "having lived surrounded by blossoms," she also wishes to be buried beneath them.—*London Life.*

Hunter's Refrain.

Away, away
To the woods away;
We will wake the morn
With the hunter's horn,
The game is nigh
And the scent will lie.
What a comfort to be
A hunter free,
Ere the day has come,
And the darkness fled,
He takes his gun
And goes to bed.

If he is not, he groans around in the darkness, upsets the cradle, awakens young Nimrod, who opens in full cry, leaves his hat and coat in a blackberry patch, blows off the end of his forefinger, and returns at evening with a consumptive bluejay, and is arrested for killing game out of season.—*Guy H. Avery, in Tid-Bits.*

The government chemist of New Zealand has proven that the dust of the recent volcanic eruptions is of great value as a fertilizer.

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Legislative Matters.

A full month has expired since the General Court assembled at the State House and the limit for the introduction of new business has been reached so that now the Legislature may be said to be fairly engaged in the work of the session. The prospect, during the earliest days, was that the volume of business to be transacted would be light, as compared with former years, but the event has proved that parties having matters to present were absorbed in the Senatorial contest to a degree nearly equal to that of the members who were to settle that question, and with that disposed of they were at liberty to prepare the special matters they desired to present. At any rate, the past week has seen what might be termed an avalanche of new business, and the probabilities are that a session of usual length at least will stand to the credit of 1887.

The temperance people came forward with a number of new measures which ought to be enacted in the interests of good order, notable among which are the reduction of the limit of percentage of alcohol which may be contained in exempted beverages, the large increase in the price of licenses and, better than all, that all monies paid for licenses shall go to the State, to be applied directly to the expenses of maintaining the victims of drink and repairing, as far as money can, the devastation of the drink traffic. A bill introduced also provides for the closing of all liquor saloons on all legal holidays. This measure alone would prevent a vast amount of crime and a long train of untold miseries which follow every holiday. These various measures show the drift of public opinion in regard to the liquor traffic.

Among the more recent petitions and measures presented in the house are petitions for the repeal of the compulsory vaccination law; for excluding unvaccinated children from the public schools; for the consolidation of fraternal mutual relief associations; orders as to permitting the publication and sale of Sunday or Monday newspapers; to preventing the formation of social and political clubs for the sole object of extorting money from candidates; to allowing savings banks to invest in any New England real estate mortgages; to preventing boycotting; to assessing taxes on Jan. 1; to abolishing the Gas Commission; to an expert examination of the financial standing of certain corporations at stated intervals; to the better selection of jurors; to a change in the political and financial year; to authorizing the search of the persons as well as of the property of those suspected of illegal liquor selling; to preventing the advertising of challenges for prize fights or the publication of reports of the same; to the suppression of bucket shops and to raising the percentage of alcohol to four in liquors to be deemed intoxicating.

The make-up of the Legislature, judging from the record of past years, will not warrant any strong hope that the lines will be drawn much tighter about the liquor traffic; but the Republican party must not forget that it has a strong working majority, that its platform recognized the importance of the temperance question, and that thousands who have voted with that party and helped it accomplish other desired results in former years are watching to see whether or no it is worth while to be longer quieted by mere platform words and implied sympathy.

The conclusion of the testimony and arguments in the case of "boodler" Alderman O'Neil was reached on Tuesday and in a few hours a verdict of guilty was brought in. A peculiar feature of the trial of this third member of the notorious "combine" was the decrease of public interest. The press made no assault upon the accused, and, indeed, hardly commented upon the course of the trial. No storm of popular indignation was raised. The conviction of O'Neil, therefore, is a great triumph for unbiased justice than in the former cases, which were conducted with such turmoil and rancor.

This last of the winter months opened vigorously. The worst part of a New England winter is yet to come.

Made a Bishop.

Rev. Matthew Harkins, who for several years had charge of St. Malachi's church at Arlington as well as St. Bridget's at Lexington, and removed from the former place three years ago to assume the pastorate of the great St. James' parish of Boston, has been appointed Bishop of Providence. From a sketch in the Globe we clip the following is a picture which a large portion of our readers will recognize:—

"Bishop Matthew Harkins, a Boston boy, attended the old Brimmer School in this city, within the boundaries of this parish. The bishop-elect is 41 years of age. After attending the public primary school and grammar school, he entered the Boston Latin School, and took, I believe, at his graduation in 1862, the Franklin medal. He then went to Holy Cross College, in Worcester, where he remained about a year. Then he crossed the water, and for five years pursued the course of instruction followed at the far-famed Seminary of St. Sulpice, in Paris, and in that city he received priestly orders.

In appearance the future bishop of the see of Providence bears, to a remarkable extent, a resemblance to the late Bishop Fitzpatrick, the shape of the head and cast of the features calling to mind the distinguished looks of Bishop Jones as the elder members of this diocese to-day designate that powerful and respected prelate."

Father Harkins is remarkable in many ways. He is notable for good sense, and is a clear-headed administrator. Only last year he was elected by the clergy of the diocese a member of the archbishop's council. The consecration of the new bishop will take place in SS Peter and Paul's Cathedral, Providence. Archbishop Williams will undoubtedly perform the consecration service. Just at present nothing can be definitely stated as to the time and as regards other particulars. Father Harkins may not leave Boston for some months yet, and again it is just as possible that he will assume charge at a very early day.

True Independence.

Somebody has sensibly said that a man, on his farm, well cultivated and kept, well stocked and furnished with good dwelling, barns and outbuildings, master of both time and acres, tied to no hours by calls of bells or whistles, free to come or go according to his own inclinations or necessities, performing his healthful labors within sight of the smoke of his own chimney, is as surely rich in the genuine sense of that word as a man can be. Such a man has nothing to fear and nobody to envy. Of one thing he is sure all his days, and that is a sufficient living; and that is what other men are never sure of without a single pang of doubt or apprehension. There is his land; there is his home; there is all the animate and inanimate machinery of his establishment, and for the rest he looks in profound trust to the bounty of heaven. Instead of this unworthy and demoralizing anxiety to get rich, if the average farmer, once being solidly established, would resolve to enlarge and exalt his life as it is, to make more out of that, to enjoy as much as possible of what there is to be enjoyed, to adorn and beautify his home—that only paradise on earth—within and without, he would find all his daily tasks far easier even to the extent of being delightful; he would feel rich where now, with more money, he feels all the time poor, and he would rid himself of a false tyrant in the form of increasing parsimony that holds his nose to the grindstone until he is flung into his grave. If farmers only knew it, they would be the richest men on earth.

How close and intimate are the affairs of daily life is illustrated by the strike among the coal handlers at New York. Their action shuts off the supply of coal; without this fuel the great mills at Fall River and some at Lowell cannot run their machinery; thousands of men and women are thus deprived of employment; the mills suffer loss, both present and future. But this is not all. When these losses are all computed how small and insignificant will the gain appear should these strikers obtain many times the amount they demand. The tyranny, injustice and unwisdom of the action of organized laboring men in the country is something startling to contemplate when we remember that the men and their families are alone the victims. The loud-mouthed brawlers and "walking delegates" who live upon the toll of others, and the skilful keepers who fatten on these idlers until their last dollar is gone, are alone responsible for every strike that has existed for years. The "orators," "walking delegates," and men of their ilk, live in idleness and more or less luxury, year in and year out, for they get their pay so long as assessments come in. They know nothing of the pinching poverty which results and, from what we have seen of this class of men, they care nothing.

The new Pension building at Washington is the target for many sharp hits. On completing a tour of inspection Gen. Sheridan said: "I have one fault to find with it; it is fire proof." Gen. Bragg says it is a cross between a country brewery and a car stable.

Winter Carnival.

The annual winter carnival at Montreal will take place Feb. 7th to 12th, and the committee of arrangements have determined that the great array of attractions offered shall largely surpass anything that has been given in former years. Among the many attractions offered will be the intensely popular tobogganing. All the slides will be opened to visitors, and will be brilliantly illuminated each evening. The Victoria Club Skating Rink, with many attractions, will be open the entire week. Snowshoeing with unique races will be a special feature. Then there will be the gorgeous and beautiful Ice Castle made on a new design, within which will be a grand agricultural exhibit, followed by a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle of the attack and defence of the Castle. The winter Mardi-Gras, a grand street parade, will also be a most interesting feature. In addition there will be curling and a host of other amusements. The Boston and Lowell R. R., at the central office and at 218 Washington street, is selling excursion tickets for only ten dollars to Montreal and return, good going from Jan. 31 to Feb. 10, and returning till Feb. 20. Tickets to other points at correspondingly low rates.

On Tuesday the Boston and Lowell made a reduction in passenger rates to two cents per mile, upon the Lexington branch, for all stations between Arlington and Concord, Mass. Between Boston and Concord the reduction is from 50 to 38 cents, Boston and Bedford 40 to 30 cents, Boston to Lexington 28 to 22 cents. The 10 and 100-ride tickets to Concord and other stations mentioned have been taken off.

Major George S. Merrill, of the Pension Committee of the National Encampment of the Grand Army says that the statement to the effect that Jefferson Davis can be pensioned under the pension bill passed last week by the Senate, is an error, as it specially provides that "no pension shall be granted under this act to any person under political disabilities."

The telegraphic report of the death by shooting of young Mr. Belmont by his own hand, early Tuesday morning, closes with these words:—"It was evident young Belmont had taken considerable wine with his dinner." "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

The Republicans of the New Jersey Senate refuse to organize that body until the House acts upon the contested election in Camden, where a Republican was counted out on a recount by a manipulation of the ballots after the first counting. The committee on elections is leisurely making an investigation.

Rev. Sam Jones' sermons are given in full in the Boston Daily Globe. The average circulation of the Boston Daily Globe in January reached the unprecedented figure of 111,351. It is still gaining. The Sunday Globe also showed the big average of 106,626.

The Fitchburg railroad assumed control of the Hoosac Tunnel road on Tuesday. All of the operatives were retained, but a large number in higher positions were discharged, the consolidation making their services superfluous.

The common plan among labor seems to be to demand more than they have any reason to expect could possibly be granted and then "compromise."

From the Orange Groves.

ROCKETT'S EDGE, FLORIDA, January 27th, 1887.

The Indian River is on the Atlantic coast of this state and is separated from the ocean by a sand bar of varying width and height. It runs nearly two hundred miles, or through three degrees of latitude. South of Cape Canaveral the gulf stream runs close to the shore, so that the climate is tempered by the warmth of its water, and right here are found some of the finest groves of tropical fruits in the state. Last winter's freeze, that was so destructive to fruits in other parts, had but little injurious effect here; and while the climate is warmer in winter, it is so tempered by its proximity to the gulf stream as to be cooler than more inland portions of the state. On the office desk of the hotel stands a bushel basket of the choicest oranges, marked "Free to our guests." They are high colored, heavy, thin skinned, luscious fruit, freshly picked twice a day from the grove that surrounds the hotel.

We have just returned from a walk through Senator Williams' grove, where we found him busy picking fruit, but not too busy to answer our many questions and to give us the freedom of his beautiful place, showing us a "shaddock tree" with fruit on it as large as a half peck measure. He has a thousand trees, all loaded with the finest of fruit, and the sight in that grove is worth a journey to Florida to see.

Think of a small tree, not more than five inches in diameter at the ground and twelve to fifteen feet high, with fifteen hundred to two thousand oranges on it. They hang singly, and in clusters of six to eight, bending and testing the tough branches to their utmost. The dark, glossy, rich green of the leaves, with the bright golden fruit, form a beautiful picture in the sunlight as you look down the aisles of the grove.

From the front veranda of this hotel you get views of the flashing waters through the palmettos, live oaks and orange trees, forming a truly tropical scene. In the garden, flowers are in bloom and one can hardly realize that it is mid-winter, for the markets are well supplied with fresh vegetables and the soft balmy air is of an August temperature.

But few tourists are as yet in the state, for the policy of the Southern railroads is not the most liberal in their treatment of visitors. Florida people are not as wise in this particular as are the Californians. Nor are the Northern roads so liberal as are the trans-continental. And California gains, while Florida suffers. The central and southern portions of the state are being occupied more rapidly than the northern, for last winter's freeze was very disastrous to the fruit in the northern half of the state. Jacksonville is a good business point, and lots on Bay street, with a depth of 105 feet, are selling for \$1,000 per front foot in the business centre.

The merchants are complaining some of slow collections from the interior points as a result of the failure of the fruit crop last year and the light crop this year in the frozen district.

Four hundred and fifty captive Apaches in Fort Marion are the attractive feature in St. Augustine, with the new hotel "Ponce de Leon." The captives do not sit them down and weep, but busy themselves trading with visitors and gambling among themselves. They seem happy and contented, from Chief Chihuahua to the smallest papoose.

Having been troubled with a very bad cough for about two years and having tried almost every cough mixture that was ever made, I have found none that has given me such great relief as Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. I earnestly recommend it to all afflicted. Benj. F. Duggan, 14 Park place, N. Y.

Drunkness or Liquor Habit can be Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day they believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, Golden Specific Co., 185 Race street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Chipman's Pills are the best purgative, the best blood purifier, removing the waste, increasing the appetite, making you feel new. A positive cure for sick headache, biliousness, constipation and dyspepsia. Try them. Sold by all druggists.

Marriages.

In Arlington, Jan. 20, by the Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D., Norman McLennan and Miss Maria Stingle, both of Arlington.

In Arlington, Jan. 29, by Rev. Thomas H. Shahan, L. A. Farley and Hannah Whelan, both of Arlington.

Deaths.

In Arlington, Jan. 28, Henry Johnson, aged 56 years, 4 months.

In Arlington, Jan. 26, John J. Hodge, aged 27 years, 3 months, 3 days.

REGISTRAR'S NOTICE.

The Board of Registrars for the Town of Lexington have posted lists of voters as required by law, and hereby give notice that they will be in session at the Selectmen's Room in the Town Hall building on Thursday the 24th, day of Feb. 1887, from 7 to 9 o'clock, P. M., and on Wednesday the 2nd, day of March, 1887, from 7 to 10 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of securing applications and passing upon the qualifications of names to be added to the registers for the annual town meeting to be held March 7, 1887.

BRADLEY C. WHITEHEAD, Board of Registrars
GEORGE O. SMITH, do
LEONARD G. B. ACOCC, do
LEONARD A. SAVILLE, do

LOST.

Left in the 11.25 P. M. train from Boston, Tuesday evening, Feb. 1st, a pair of Opera Glasses in leather case, stamped Harrington & Freeman. Finder will please return same to this office and receive reward.

Dog Lost.

A COLLIE DOG, white spot on neck and tip of tail. Whoever will give information concerning him will be suitably rewarded and no question asked.

GEO. W. PIERCE, Arlington Heights.

New Leaving Time.

NEEDHAM'S EXPRESS
Now leaves Faneuil Hall Market
At 2.30, P. M.,
instead of 3.00 o'clock, as formerly. All orders promptly attended to.

Boarders Wanted.
Any one desiring good rooms and board 5 minutes' walk from station can apply to box 149, Arlington, Mass.

To Let.

The lower flat or tenement located in the furthest end of the new tenement houses on the left side of Swan's Block.
HARRISON SWAN,
No. 1 Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, Mass.

TOWN HALL, ARLINGTON
Tuesday Evening, Feb. 22.

Grand Concert.

BY THE
BAY STATE BAND.

Ceo. P. Farnum,
Leader and Director, assisted by
Mr. Gerard Russo,
Boston's celebrated Harp Soloist.

Mr. A. S. Kimball,
Banjo Soloist at Boston Theatre, and
Mr. Edward Fields,
of Medford, Banjo Soloist.

(Messrs. A. S. Kimball and Fields will appear in Banjo Duette.)
Mr. W. L. Burns,
of Arlington, Trombone Soloist

Mr. Edm. T. Phelan,
of Boston, Humorist and Impersonator.

Admission, 25 cents; reserved seats,
35 cents; children under twelve years,
15 cents. Tickets for sale at Whittemore's.

Doors open at 7 p. m. Concert at 7.45.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS—
J. MORSE, W. WRIGHT, W. BURNS.

Estey Organs

Remarkable for
Richness of tone,
Reliability of construction &
Reasonable prices.
Warranted for five years.

Easy terms, Cash or Instalments.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE.

Estey Organ Co.,
195 Tremont St., Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the Estate of HENRY B. BRIGHAM, late of Lexington, in said County, deceased, GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Mary E. Brigham, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, and that she may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on her bond pursuant to said will and statute.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the Fourth Tuesday of February instant, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the LEXINGTON MINUTE MAN, printed at Lexington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this first day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty seven.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

THE JUDGE'S CASH PUZZLE

In Behalf of the
Grant Monument Fund.

Use your Brains and Make Money.
MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN, EVERYBODY.

The Judge proposes to assist the Grant Monument Fund by organizing a grand competition on word-building (making the largest number of words from a given sentence by transposing and using letters to suit the purpose), in using for the theme the sentence, "Who will be our next President?" and offering cash prizes to successful competitors, each of whom will have to pay fifty (50) cents on presentation of his competitive paper. The money received will be applied as follows:—

Twenty-five cents is at once credited to the Grant Fund.

The remaining twenty-five cents after deducting the legitimate expenses of advertising names with the respective answers, etc., etc., will be placed in a common fund to be equally divided among the six successful competitors, i. e., the six persons sending in the largest lists of words (proper nouns included) made from the sentence "Who will be our next President?"

The magnitude of the prizes will depend on the amount of money received, or in other words, on the number of competitors. Communications open until February 15, 1887, 12 o'clock.

This is not a new thing. In England large sums of money have been raised for charity by this method, and those who have participated and incidentally helped a worthy object have won a prize as high as \$10,000 as a reward for mental activity.

The names of competitors will be published from week to week in Judge as they may come in. This will not only serve as an acknowledgment of the receipt of the money, etc., but will also serve to show the weekly progress of the fund. Governing rules in this week's Judge.

Address, "Grant Fund," THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO., Potter Building, New York City.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Trade Marks and Copyrights Obtained, and all business in the U. S. Patent Office attended to at moderate fees.

Our office is opposite the Patent Office, and we can obtain patents in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model or drawing. We advise as to patentability free of charge; and we make no charge unless we obtain patent.

We refer here to the Postmaster, the Sup't. of Money Order, and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circulars, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State or country, write to

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

THE PANSY.

Prospectus for 1887.

This illustrated monthly contains thirty-two to forty pages each number of enjoyable and helpful literature and pictures, equally suited to Sundays and week days. The editor, "Pansy," will furnish a new series to run through the year entitled MONTAGUE. The Golden Text Stories will be continued. Margaret Sidney will contribute a serial. There will be more "Great Men" and more "Remarkable Women." Frey Huntington will write of flowers and plants. Rev. C. M. Livingston will furnish stories of Great Events, People, Discoveries, Inventions, etc. A novel feature will be a story by eleven different authors. E. M. Alden will direct a new department of Church, Sabbath School and Missionary News. The present departments will continue and new ones be opened.

Only \$1.00 a year.

Specimens free to intending subscribers. Address orders to
D. LOTHROP & CO., Publishers,
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Litchfield.

Photo. Portrait Studio,
Arlington Avenue, opposite Broadway,
ARLINGTON, Mass.
STUDIO and Reception Room on
GROUND FLOOR,
which makes it easy of access for elderly
people and children.

THE INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS USED.
Light cloudy days are just as good as sunny,
and sometimes better.

The front door opens from the street—there
are no stairs to climb.

EDW. C. LITCHFIELD.
Arlington, April 23, 1886.

CHARLES GOTT,

Carriage
Manufacturer

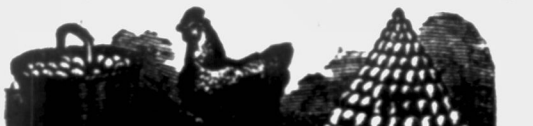
—AND—
BLACKSMITH,

Arlington ave. opp. Arlington Hotel, Arlington

Particular attention paid to

HORSESHOEING.

Has already finished and in course of building,
HEAVY MARKET & MANURE WAGONS,
SLEIGHS, PANGS, Etc.



IMPERIAL EGG FOOD

Will Largely INCREASE Egg Production!
Strengthen Weak and Drooping Fowls, promote
the Healthy Growth and Development of all
varieties of poultry, and insure Fine Condition
and Smooth Plumage, helping them through
moulting wonderfully, furnishing bone and
muscle for young chicks, thus saving them.
It prevents and absolutely cures the diseases
Incident to Poultry.
It is no forcing process; you simply give them the
chemicals to make eggs, at a cost of less than one
cent a week for each hen, and you have a steady
supply. If your local tradesman does not keep it, write to
F. C. STURTEVANT, Hartford, Conn.
Imovimus

FOR SALE.

12 TONS of Barley and oat fodder, also, 4
tons of English Hay. Apply to

GEORGE SIMONDS,
21 Janw Adams Street, Lexington, Mass.

MR. BENJAMIN CUTTER,

of BOSTON.

Teacher of Violin Playing.

Instruction of Children
A SPECIALTY.

Parties also given lessons in SONATA
and A CO-MANAGEMENT playing
with the violin.
Address, for terms and for hours in
Arlington, to

88 Chandler St., Boston Mass.
21 Janw

Mortgagee's Sale

of Real Estate.

BY VIRTUE of a power of sale contained in a
certain mortgage deed given by Lewis F. Bartlett
to Henry Y. Hill, dated August 4, 1878, and
recorded in the Registry of Deeds, for the County
of Middlesex, librs 1558, folio 38u, will be sold at
public auction, on the premises, on Saturday, the
Twenty-sixth day of February, 1887, at nine
o'clock, in the forenoon, all and singular the
premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—
A certain piece of parcel of land, together
with the dwelling house standing thereon, situated
in Arlington, in the County of Middlesex
and State of Massachusetts, and is bounded as
follows: Commencing at a certain southerly corner
of the lot bounded by land of James M. Chase, on
Arlington avenue, and running northerly westerly
on the same thirty-four feet and six inches to
land of L. A. Farley, thence running at right
angle and running on land of said Bartlett on the
line of the fence as it now stands one hundred
and nine feet, thence turning at right angle and
running easterly on land of said Bartlett, and
then turning and running northerly on land of
said Bartlett six feet and four inches, then turning
and running easterly four feet, thence northerly
on land of said Bartlett, and then running on land
of James M. Chase, then turning at right angle
and running easterly twenty feet and six inches
on land of James M. Chase, then running at right
angle and running on land of said Bartlett, and
said Chase seven rods and four inches to the
point of beginning on Arlington avenue. Terms
made known at the time and place of sale.

EMILY S. HILL, Administratrix.

Arlington, January 15, 1887.

For other particulars apply to H. D. Nash, 19
Congress street, Boston.

Blank Notes, Receipts, Rent Bills, etc., with
Arlington date in c. for sale at this office
singly or by the hundred.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of
WILLIAM J. CURRIER, late of Lexington,
in said County, deceased, Greeting:

WHEREAS, George O. Smith and Ellen Da-
wna, the executors of the will of said de-
ceased, have presented for allowance the first
and final account of their administration upon
the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate
Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County,
on the Fourth Tuesday of February next, at
nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if
any you have, why the same should not be al-
lowed. And said executors are ordered to serve
this citation by publishing the same once a week
in the Lexington Minute-man, a newspaper
printed at Lexington, three weeks successively,
the last publication to be two days, at least, be-
fore said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge
of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of January,
in the year of our Lord one thousand eight
hundred and eighty-seven. J. H. TYLER, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Susan
B. Carrier, late of Lexington, in said
County, deceased, Greeting:

WHEREAS, George O. Smith, the adminis-
trator of the estate not already administered
of said deceased, has presented for allowance
the first and final account of his administration
upon the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate
Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County,
on the Fourth Tuesday of February next, at
nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if
any you have, why the same should not be al-
lowed. And said administrator is ordered to
serve this citation by publishing the same once a
week in the Lexington Minute-man, a news-
paper printed at Lexington, three weeks succes-
sively, the last publication to be two days, at
least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge
of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of Janu-
ary, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight
hundred and eighty-seven.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

IN SORROW.

When thou art sorrowful and care around
Crowd fast upon the steps of happier days:
When thou believest brightest things can
lead

The saddest echo to the gayest lays—
As men of old were fed with angel's food,
Go, seek thy remedy in doing good.

When thou to thee dearest shall have died,
And each fresh day grow weary to thine
eyes;

When every hope that others build upon
Comes to thy senses with a sad surprise—
Take up the burden of another's grief;
Learn from another's pain thy woe's re-
lief.

Mourner, believe that sorrow may be bribed
With tribute from the heart, nor sighs, nor
tears,
But nobler sacrifice of helping hands,
Of cheering smiles, of sympathetic ears.
Oft have the saddest words the sweeter
strain:
In angel's music let thy soul complain.

Then Grief shall stand with half-averted foot
Upon the threshold of a brighter day;
And Hope shall take her sweetly by the hand
And both kneel down with Faith to meekly
pray.
Lifted from earth, Peace shall immor-
talize
The heart that its own anguish purifies.

—Chamber's Journal.

THE OLD HOUSE.

It was snowing! And nobody who
has not had personal experience on the
subject, knows what a regular New
Hampshire snow-storm means.

A cloud of flying needles sharply punc-
turing your face, a wind keen as the edge
of any cinabar, a white, blinding veil
separating you from the rest of the
world—these are some of the signs and
symptoms.

And Edgar Every felt them in their
most merciless mood, as he stood help-
lessly on the edge of a mountain cliff,
staring around him in vain search of
some familiar landmark.

"I am lost!" said he. "Exactly—and
it serves me right! It strikes me that I
had better have staid at home and faced
Kathleen's Valentine party, after all."

For, to be frank with the reader, Mr.
Every had indignantly retreated be-
fore his sister's gay Valentine reception,
to the great grief of the half dozen pretty
young girls who were sojourning in the
house.

"Do stay, Ned!" pleaded Kathleen
Every, almost with tears in her eyes.
"Stuff and nonsense," the young man
had returned. "A man is always at a
disadvantage on such occasions at this
And I never was a wor-shiper of old St.
Valentine. Besides, I've often wondered
what those Signal Service fellows did
with themselves up on the top of the
mountain in winter time. They say
they're an awfully jolly set of chaps, if
once you can get at 'em."

"Oh, Edgar, you will certainly be
lost," said his mother, in a panic.
"I! Lost on Silver Peak? That is a
good one!" cried out Every. "Wasn't
I born and bred under its very shadow?
I wonder what you will be saying next,
you females!"

But the unconsciously uttered prophe-
cy had come true.

He was, truly and actually, lost on
Silver Peak. No one was altogether
safe in such a bewildering snow-storm
as this. It was not such an extraordi-
nary circumstance, if only he had made
allowance for it.

But as he groped blindly with his
stick, vaguely fearful lest he should be
precipitated into some unfathomable
abyss below, the ferule came in contact
with a rude stone wall; the beating of
young calves reached his ear.

"Aha!" he cried, exultingly. "now I
know where I am. It is the Old House,
where Farmer Eastwood keeps his calves!"

The "Old House" was a ruined farm-
dwelling, built long ago for the tem-
porary accommodation of some old set-
tler, who had abandoned it as soon as
possible for more commodious quarters.

It stood on the edge of a scrubby
thicket of pines and cedars, and no one
ever came near it who could help them-
selves.

But the owner—one Mr. Eastwood,
a prosperous farmer, who lived on a sunny
plateau halfway down the mountain—
frequently used it for the accommodation
of his flocks and herds when the home
barnyards were full.

"My bovine friends," said Every,
regaining his spirits at once, "I am sorry
to disturb you, but I am as great a calf
as yourselves upon this unfortunate oc-
casion, and a shelter of any sort is as im-
portant to me as it is to you."

And feeling his way to the low door-
way, from which the porch had long
since mouldered away, he entered the Old
House.

Originally it had consisted of two
rooms, in the smaller of which three or
four speckled calves were shut, and Every
looked disconsolately around him,
standing in the larger apartment.

"One would freeze to death here!"
said he. "Once more I will seek the help
of the bovines."

And opening the rude pine door, he
snuggled himself down among the calves,
thankful to share in their warmth, as he
wrapped his cape close about his shoulders.

"Hail fellows well met," thought he.
"If they were gipsies or brigands now,
there might be something sentimental in
the whole affair. But—calves! Well, I
may as well go to sleep. The danger of
freezing is over now."

"How nice the coffee was! It was
just like you, Rhoda, to think of bring-
ing it!"

"Oh, well," another sweet voice re-
sponded. "I've been out here before in a
snow-storm. Somebody must go, you
know, and Aleck is in Concord, and
father's rheumatism is worse than usual
to-night. And Ted, the farm-boy, is al-
ways afraid of Silver Peak when it
snows. Nothing would induce him to
come."

"But weren't you afraid, Rhoda?"

"I?" echoed the lark-sweet tone.
"Wasn't I born here?"

"My words are actually," thought our hero,
"I should like to come but upon the
scene and ask for a taste of that Arabian
draught, but I might frighten these
mountain fairies away if I were to be too
presumptuous. I'll be patient and bide my
time."

"And," went on pretty Rhoda East-
wood, "I knew it was possible we might
be detained here all night. So I brought
the matches along, and the candles and
the pail of coffee."

"Hello!" thought Mr. Every. "Here's
a pretty kettle of fish! I must come out
sooner or later. They're going to stay
here all night!"

"Rhoda?" whispered a soft little
voice.

"Well, Nannie?" was the sweet an-
swer.

"Aren't you afraid now?"

"Afraid?—you goose! What should I
be afraid of?" merrily retorted the farm-
er's daughter.

"I—don't—know," slowly answered
Nannie. "Only it's so lonesome."

"There are the calves, you know,"
laughed Rhoda.

"Humph!" said Mr. Every to himself.
"And it's St. Valentine's Eve," added
Nannie.

"Well," said Rhoda, "what of that?"

"They're going to have a dance up at
Squire Every's," said Nannie.

"Well, and how does that concern us?"

"I should like to have gone," said
Nannie, clasping her knees after a
meditative fashion. "I never was at a
Valentine party. What does it mean,
Rhoda, anyway?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Rhoda,
flinging fresh pine cones on the fire.
"There's an old saying, I believe, that
the first man you see on St. Valentine's
morning is your true love for the rest of
the year."

"And no longer?" in accents of disap-
pointment.

"How do I know?" laughed Rhoda.
"I never was at a Valentine's party,
either."

"I wonder whom we shall meet going
down the mountain to-morrow," said
Nannie, after a brief silence.

"As if it wasn't all nonsense!" said
Rhoda.

How pretty she looked as she sat there,
with the flashing red reflections dancing
on her raven hair and mirrored in her
liquid brown eyes!

But one must talk nonsense some-
times," pleaded Nannie. "We have got
to pass away the time somehow. If we
go to sleep, and let the fire go down, we
shall be frozen to death. Oh, good gra-
cias! what's that?"

Some slight, unconscious movement on
the part of their hidden auditor had
frightened the calves; there was a sud-
den plunge and outcry in their midst.
Edgar perceived that his ambuscade was
no longer possible; he emerged boldly
into the light.

"Remember," Edgar said, as he gave
a passing pressure to Rhoda's hand, at
the Eastwood farm-gate, "you are my
Valentine!"

"For a year," corrected Rhoda, calmly.
"But the lease is renewable at the
year's end!" urged Every.

And so the matter was left—to be settled
a twelve months hence as old St. Valen-
tine may decide.

"He's a good sort of a saint," says Mr.
Every, who is failing deeper and deeper
in love with the farmer's daughter
with every day. "I'm quite willing to
leave it to old St. Valentine!"—*Helen
Forrest Graves.*

In a Mexican Garden.

Standing in the patio, writes a Phila-
delphia *Record* correspondent from Mex-
ico, one is bewildered by the succession
of doors leading into the numberless
rooms of the casca. Past parlors, dining-
room and kitchen, past stables, store-
rooms and heaven knows what, we open
a wooden door in the high wall, ex-
actly like all the rest, and find ourselves
in the corral. This secondary courtyard,
which is also surrounded by a wall as
high as the house itself, is devoted prin-
cipally to the goats and swine, the latter
finding congenial wallowing places in
the pools of greenish mud formed from
the overflow of the adobe trough where
the horses and donkeys drink. No
trace of our beautiful garden here; but
climb some high adobe steps, open a
couple of heavy doors, wander through
a walled passage, and presto! the
scene is changed as by magic. Here are
acres of roses in perpetual bloom,
pansy-bordered walks beside murmuring
streams, beds of choicest flowers beneath
greenest verdure—orange trees, limes,
olives, figs, a hundred strange tropical
varieties, and, best of all, gnarled old
apple trees like those at home, whose
drooping branches, though fruitless here,
almost make us forget the weary miles
that lie between. Within these silent
shades one is completely isolated from
the world and finds it hard to realize that
all around lies a populous city, which
was heavy with age before the present
century was born. No sound of human
life or labor penetrates here—only ring-
ing of cathedral bells falls softly on the
ear and the singing of the birds in the
green canopy overhead.

They Were Always Busy.

Prior to the American Revolution every
colonial farmhouse and every black-
smith's shop was a manufactory, for ev-
erything was literally manufactured, that
is, made by hand. The blacksmith
hammered out axes, hoes, forks, spades,
ploughshares, scythes, and nails. A tail-
or went from house to house to make
up the winter clothing, and was followed
by the shoemaker.

The farmer prepared the leather from
skins which had lain in the vat for a
year, and his wife made ready the cloth.
Spinning-wheels buzzed from morning
till night. Skeins of woolen and linen
yarn hung on the walls of every house.
Seated on the loom-seat, the best woman
of the family plied shuttle and treadles,
weaving blankets, sheets, table-cloths,
towels, bed curtains, window-curtains,
flannels, and cloth for garments.

Every woman in the household manu-
factured something. The aged grand-
mother spun flax with the little wheel;
the youngest daughter carded wool, and
the oldest, if the men were busy, hatch-
ed flax. It was hand work that did it,
and every hand did what it could best
do.

The women, whose "work was never
done," not only carded, spun, and wove,
but they milked the cows, made butter,
bread, and cheese, soap and candles,
cooked the food, did the washing, and
in harvest raked hay, pulled flax, and
dug potatoes.

The neighbor, who happened in for an
afternoon's gossip, brought her work.
The mother patched or knitted, as she
rested by the fireside, or quartered ap-
ples for the children to "string" and
hang in the morning in festoons on the
sunny outside walls. All were busy—
always busy.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Washington "Sponge."

"Do you know, I don't actually spend
\$4 a month for food seven months in the
year," said a Washingtonian. "Here is
my programme! I rise about 11:30 or
12 o'clock (I am not a workman), and
take a cup of coffee and two biscuits,
which cost nine cents. I start out on my
rounds calling, about 2:30 in the after-
noon, and strike any one of fifty places,
where I take lunch with the family. I
work the dinner racket the same way,
and late in the evening put on my dress
suit and manage to hit a good warm
lunch where a reception is in progress."

"Do many men live in this way?"
asked the correspondent.

"I can name you twenty men right in
this town who are playing the same game.
Why, what's the use in a fellow putting
up good hard boodle when he can live
without it?"—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

A Woman Fish.

"Walk up! Walk up, ladies and gen-
tlemen," shouted a man at the top of his
voice in front of a booth at a fair. "Walk
up and inspect this curious phenomenon—
a real, live woman-fish, the only one in
existence!" There was a rush; the place
was crammed to the doors. The curtain
rose and a young woman dressed all in
black appeared on the stage and said, in
doleful accents: "Ladies and gentlemen,
I am the woman fish. There is my cer-
tificate of marriage. My husband's name
was Fish. He was a slater by trade. He
was killed last summer through a fall off
a scaffolding, and, as he has left me with
four children unprovided for, I will take
the liberty to go round and make a col-
lection on their behalf."

General Loring's Grit.

Dr. Steiner, now of Augusta, Ga., was
the army surgeon who amputated Gen-
eral Loring's arm, which was shattered at
the battle of Chapultepec. Says the *Augus-
ta Chronicle*: "Dr. Steiner says that
Loring was the most self-possessed man
he ever saw. In those days anesthesia
was just becoming known, but not avail-
able in Mexico, so Loring had to submit
to the knife without chloroform or ether.
Smoking a cigar, sitting upright in a
chair, elated with victory, he never by
so much as a cry or murmur or quiver
of the muscles indicated that he suffered
the least pain as his limb was sliced
away from his body. It was a magnifi-
cent exhibition of nerve and soul defi-
ance."

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Recipes.

SUPERIOR HOMINY MUFFINS.—Pour a
cupful of boiling water upon two table-
spoonfuls of fine hominy, simmer for
fifteen minutes, add a cupful of Indian
meal stirred in slowly, add a cup and
half of boiling milk. Allow this
mixture to get nearly cold, and stir in
two beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of
flour, one of sugar, and a teaspoonful
each of salt and baking powder. Bake
for fifteen minutes in heated and but-
tered gem-pans.

BOILED RICE WITH CHEESE.—Wash a
cupful of raw rice in cold water, picking
it over carefully. Put over the fire in
two quarts of water that is boiling hard
at the time. Salt slightly and cook
twenty minutes, shaking the saucepan
occasionally, but never stirring it. As-
certain if the rice is soft enough by pinch-
ing a grain between the thumb and finger.
Drain off the water through a col-
ander and set this with the rice in it over
an empty pot on the stove to dry off.
Just before sending to table mix into
it with a fork a teaspoonful of butter
and a tablespoonful of grated cheese,
with salt to taste.

MUTTON BROTH.—One pound of lean
mutton, cut small, two pounds mutton
bones, well cracked, two quarts cold
water, chopped onion and parsley, salt
and pepper. Let the meat, bones and
onion simmer slowly several hours.
Season and set aside until cold. Remove
all the fat and strain out the bones and
meat, squeezing out every drop of soup.
Have ready half a cupful of rice, which
has been soaked in a little cold water
for two hours. Add this to the soup,
put them on the stove and let them sim-
mer until the rice is soft and broken.
Add the chopped parsley and milk,
which should have been heated to scald-
ing in another vessel.

STEWED BEEF.—Cut the beef into
inch square pieces, flour each, cut a
small carrot, a small turnip and a large
onion into slices, put the fat you trimmed
out into a deep spider or saucepan, let it
get very hot, lay in the vegetables, cover
and leave them to brown (not burn),
stirring occasionally. When they are
nicely browned, pour on them a pint of
boiling water, and lay in the meat; put
with it a moderate teaspoonful of salt
and one-half saltspoonful of pepper,
with two or three coarse stalks of celery,
if you have them, cut fine. Let all stew
very gently for two hours at least, or
until the meat is quite tender, but re-
member, if it has been boiled or stewed
fast, it will never be that, nor would it
if you made your stew of tenderloin.
Skim free from fat and serve.

Household Hints.

TO RESTORE CREPE.—Skim milk and
water, with a little bit of glue in it,
made scalding hot, will restore black
crepe. If clapped and pulled dry it
will look as good as new.

PREVENTING MOLD.—Mould can be
prevented from forming on fruit jellies
by pouring a little paraffine over the top,
which, when cold will harden to a solid
cake which can be easily removed when
desired.

TO STONE RAISINS.—Pour boiling
water over them and let them stand five
or ten minutes. Drain and rub each raisin
between the thumb and finger till the
seeds come out clean. Dry the raisins
before using and rub them in flour be-
fore putting into cake, to prevent their
sinking to the bottom. If chopped,
flour should be scattered over them to
prevent their adhering together.

FURNITURE POLISH.—For a polish to
clean up and brighten old furniture,
pianos, etc., dissolve four ounces orange
shellac in one quart of ninety-five per
cent alcohol; to this add one quart of
linseed oil and one pint turpentine;
when mixed add four ounces of sulphuric
ether, and four ounces of aqua ammonia;
mix thoroughly and well before using.
Apply with a cloth or sponge and rub the
surface to which it is applied until the
polish appears.

TESTING OLEOMARGARINE.—To test
oleomargarine, take a small bit of lard
and place it between two pieces of thin,
common window glass, each about an
inch square, and press together until
only a film remains. When held up to
the light white, opaque spots are always
to be seen. These are crystals of fat.
For the same reason oleomargarine and
butterine, containing, as they do, solid
fats, may be detected in the same man-
ner. Pure butter, on the contrary, does
not show such specks. A little experi-
ment with lard in this direction is an ex-
cellent means of cultivating the eye and
qualify one to readily determine, when
applied to butters, the imitation from
the genuine. This rule is practical
enough, and is a sure one.

Biscuits for Dogs.

Twenty years ago the business of mak-
ing dog biscuit was represented by a small
shop in Holborn, nearly opposite
Chancery Lane, and a weekly sale of a
couple of tons. Now there is a vast
factory near London bridge and another
in New York, between which is a daily
output and sale of from thirty to forty
tons. This dog food is made of wheat
flour (chiefly that known as middlings),
oatmeal, dates, beetroot and prairie
meat. Dates were the first article of a
vegetable or fruit nature introduced,
and have had the anti-scorbutic effect so
desirable in the feeding of dogs. For
many years they only were employed,
and at that time it was advised that
fresh vegetables should be given twice a
week, additional to the biscuits.

Searching for something that would
obviate the need for this vegetable, it was
discovered that the only vegetable which
did not lose its distinguishing properties
under the great heat to which the cakes
are subjected in baking is beetroot, and
as it has all the desirable elements, for
some years all the biscuits sent out have
contained beetroot. The last ingredient
is prairie meat, which is not, as many
suppose, tallow greaves or butchers'
refuse. It is meat from Central and South
America. From it all fat has been re-
moved, but the most valuable gristle and
bones remain to be ground up, and is not
only of the highest quality from a feed-
ing point of view, but perfectly sweet
and good. Analysis has shown that it is
much more nutritious than the beef
usually sold in our butchers' shops, for
it contains only five per cent. of water.

Professional beauties are out of style
in England.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

There are 700,000,000 cents in circula-
tion.

Henry I. of England, because of his
learning, received the surname clerk, or
scholar.

Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden was
called the Golden King, on account of his
yellow hair and fair complexion.

The original game of cards was the
"tarocchi" of Venice, played with
seventy-eight cards—fifty-six numerals
and twenty-two cards.

Mrs. Eben Brown of Chesterfield Fac-
tory, N. H., has in her possession a
woven coverlet that has been in use over
200 years, and is still in good condition.

Electro-plating with silver upon wood
is now successfully performed, the pro-
cess being adapted to handles of all
kinds, including canes and umbrella
sticks.

The Pyramids is a general name for
the sepulchral monuments of ancient
Egypt, in all about sixty, but specially
applied to the Pyramids of Gizeh,
about twelve miles from Cairo, consist-
ing of two large and several smaller pyr-
amids.

Wood will acquire an oak, a walnut or
a cherry color by staining it with ordi-
nary tincture of iodine, diluted with
spirit until the exact shade is obtained.
White shellac must be added to the io-
dine solution if the stain is to be made
permanent.

Beethoven began music in his fourth
year, and at nine he had outgrown his
father's teaching. He is said to have
written a cantata when ten, and it is
certain that a composition for the piano
(variations on "Dressler's March") dates
from this year.

Mr. Adley, of Traverse City, Mich.,
struck his arm against a moving saw in
a saw-mill, and it was cut off below the
elbow. A surgeon who replaced the am-
putated member, sewing it fast to the
stump, claims that the two parts will
grow together again.

Crookie Baldwin, of Philadelphia, is
a ninety-five-year-old cockatoo in the
Zoological Garden there. She is very
garrulous and very cross. A white-
haired citizen told the keeper the other
day that when he was a boy, sixty odd
years ago, he used to plague Crookie,
who was then the pet of a Mrs. Baldwin,
and noted for her conversational powers.
Mrs. Baldwin gave the bird to a friend,
who kept her twenty-five years. Then
she was offered for sale in a bird store,
where Mr. Cox, of Germantown, found
her, bought her for \$80, and gave her to
the Zoo.

A Question of the Centuries.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* decided
a recent dispute by saying: "The nine-
teenth century commenced with the 1st
day of January, 1800, and ends with the
31st day of December, 1899." One of
the parties to the dispute was dissatis-
fied with this decision, and wrote to
the New York *Graphic*, which paper
takes a different view as follows:

Colonel Watterson's hasty ruling is
wrong and must be reversed, as a little
figuring and common sense will easily
demonstrate. A century is a 100 years
exactly. Ergo, speaking of the Chris-
tian era.

The first century ended December 31,
100.

The second century ended December
31, 200.

The third century ended December 31,
300.

The second century began January 1,
101.

The third century began January 1,
201.

The fourth century began January 1,
301.

Proceeding with this computation it is
quite obvious that the nineteenth cen-
tury began the instant 1800 years had
passed—that is, on January 1, 1801—and
will terminate with the completion of
the 1900th year, on the last day of De-
cember, A. D. 1900. That ought to be
plain enough now, although it puzzles
many persons hereabouts as well as in
Montana.

The Hair of the Reindeer.

A Norwegian engineer, W. C. Moller,
has found that reindeer hair and skin
possess remarkable buoyancy, and when
the unshorn skin is used as a life-belt
it has the advantage over cork of warm-
ing the wearer while in water. He at-
tributes great value to suits made from
the reindeer hair, one of which of the
weight of a pound may keep a man from
drowning, while it furnishes greater pro-
tection from cold than oil-skin and other
materials.

"A most extraordinary and absolute cure for
rheumatism and other bony ailments is St.
Jacobs Oil," says Hon. James Harlan, ex-Vice-
Chancellor, Louisville, Ky.

The English sparrow has become such a
nuisance in New Australia that the fam-
ily are petitioning the Government for
legislation to rid the country of the little
feathered pest.

Dr. Morse, physician at Marine Hospital,
Baltimore, Md., found Red Star Cough Cure a
harmless and most effective remedy in the
cure of coughs. He recommends it especially
for children who are irritable and obstinate,
as pleasant to take and prompt in its effect.
Price, twenty-five cents.

A MAINE woodsman saw a rabbit on the ice,
and it did not run away as he drew near. It
had hopped into a shallow pond of water
and had stood still till its feet were firmly
frozen in the ice.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS will pay
for a 32 Family Story Paper for one year.
Sample copies free. Address THE CHICAGO
LEDGER, Chicago, Ill.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's
Eye-water. Druggists sell at 50c. per bottle.

After Diphtheria

The patient recovers strength slowly, as the system
is weak and debilitated, and the blood poisoned by
the ravages of the disease. What is needed is a
good reliable tonic and blood purifier like Hood's
Sarsaparilla, which has just the elements of strength
for the body, and vitality and richness for the
blood which soon bring back robust health. After
scarlet fever or pneumonia, it is also of great benefit
in the case of the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla was most
marvelous, entirely removing the poison from her
blood and restoring her to good health. Hood's
Sarsaparilla deserves our highest praise.—K. G.
STANTON, Swanton, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, 50c. per bottle. Prepared
by G. L. HODG & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

SHAMEFUL ABUSE

Heaped upon a Noted Englishman for His
Open Homage.

WM. ED. ROSSON, M. D., L. R. C. S. I., M.
R. Q. C. P. I., late of the Royal Navy, of
England, has gone into professional trouble
for writing the following open letter to the
editor of the London *Family Doctor*:

"I believe it to be the duty of every physi-
cian to make known any means or remedy
whereby sickness can be prevented, and it is
for this purpose I write to give my expe-
rience both here and abroad. I ask the pub-
lication of the statement that people may be
warned before

FARM AND GARDEN.

An Open Question.

"It seems to be an open question," says Mr. Carmen, editor of the *Rural New Yorker*, "whether it is more profitable to grow a single ear or two ears of corn to a stalk. It is a question that ought to be easily answered. If the single ear gives a greater weight of grain than two or more ears it is unquestionably the best corn to raise. If it gives the same amount of grain it is still the best corn to grow, for it takes about twice as much time to husk and shell two ears as it does one. For ten years we have raised both the so-called Blount's Prolific and the Chester County Mammoth. The former will average over two ears to a stalk; the latter less than one ear. And yet the average yield of the Chester in shelled corn is, year after year, greater than the other."

Picking Out a Good Horse.

There is no work required of any horse, no matter how menial the duty may be, where intelligence, honesty and kindness will not be of material value. The possession or lack of these may be learned by scanning the expression of the eye. This is called the window of that deep-seated part from whence all action gets their promptings, and if viciousness lurks within its, sinister reflection will shine through, and the effect need not be misinterpreted. Well-marked fullness of brain, half way between the eyes and the setting of the ears, accompanied by breadth and fullness immediately back of the ears, are always connected with the kindness of disposition and associated with ambition. If there be fullness in front and narrowness back of the ears, there will be a kindly disposition without ambition. If the development be the reverse of this, there will be an absence of kindly intentions with marked vicious tendencies. The ear is largely a fancy point, yet the manner in which it is set on and its motions furnish clear indications to experienced horsemen, and to other horses, of the character of the thought. The ears have a language of their own, and when this is added to the expression of the eyes, the whole story is pretty clearly told. As regards the neck, its peculiarities mainly minister to the fancy, and while the points touched upon are not necessarily keys to the breeding of the animal, the neck, to a considerable degree, is. While the neck may be said to be merely a flexible member, placed between the shoulders and the head for the purpose of carrying the latter, and enabling the horse to see the way clearly to the right and left, and reach the ground, or the branches overhead, for food, that part of which it attaches at its base, the shoulder, is a very important figure in the horse's value and durability, no matter what character of service he is assigned to. As is well known generally, the more upright shoulder is preferred for draught, because the force is required to be expended in a forward, horizontal direction, while the slanting shoulder throws the force of the exertion upon the lower part, or shoulder point. If a horse is selected, therefore, with a slanting shoulder, and put to drawing loads, it will be found that the horizontal effort will throw the lower portion of the collar upward against the lower portion of the neck, pressing the wind-pipe, creating distress in breathing. But for road work, speed, or for the saddle, no matter how worthy the animal may be in other respects, the upright shoulder presents efficient service, and it matters not how attractive the horse may be in other ways, he cannot put himself into a form that is prevent d by make-up, nor show a swinging gait and good reach, likening his foreleg to a pendulum, with this restriction in its movements, because not swinging freely forward and backward at its proper attachments.

In selecting a horse for hard driving or for use under the saddle it should be borne in mind that the greater the angle represented by the position of the scapula or shoulder-blade, giving obliquity to the shoulders, the less is the concussion put upon the shoulder under violent exertion, because the less upright the shoulder is, and the less the force is applied directly in the line of bone and muscle, the less spring and elasticity there are in that direction. After passing upon the shoulder of the horse it is well to look between the forelegs at their attachment with the shoulder. In selecting a horse for any purpose than draught a very wild beast should be avoided, for in most cases a horse with this formation will paddle when he trots, a defect which should confine him to slow draught. For active service the breast should not be over medium width, and the forelegs should be reasonably close together. Between the fore legs and close up to the body the space should be so filled with muscle as to form an arch rather than to show a wide space, as in the case of a draught horse. An arm wide at its junction with the shoulder, rendered so by full development of muscles on the rear and anterior portion of the arm, should always be sought, for the opposite formation is always attended by want of precision, power and activity in the movements of the fore legs.—*Sporting Life*.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Run the roller over the field wherever the wheat has been thrown up by the frost.

Pure granulated sugar is better than honey for bees that must be fed. Dissolve in water, boil and then feed.

The best way to induce the hens to lay at this season is to provide them with warm quarters and feed meat three or four times per week.

Lime is a purifier, and should be used often as a wash to coops, perches and nest boxes. Sprinkle the places most frequented by them with air-slaked lime.

Crows distribute many tree seeds, such as acorns and nuts, by plucking them and carrying them away, dropping them again at some distance from the place of starting.

Carelessness must give way to business management on the farm. The farmer should study the markets and be as ready to take advantage of opportunities as the merchant.

Poultry keeping can be made an auxiliary to other pursuits without infringing upon the time of the keeper, and will bring in a handsome return for the food and care given them.

The very best mulch for tender garden plants is forest leaves, and quite independent of their value as a winter protection, they are worth all the cost of gathering and drawing for their beneficial action on the soil.

There is a vast difference in the quality of the first milk and strippings. The former contains twice as much albumen, but the latter five times as much fat as the former. There is also more casein sugar and ash in the strippings.

Some of our best floriculturists recommend planting out roses and rose bushes at this season of the year instead of spring. Of course, a day should be chosen for the work when the ground is dry and open, and the trees or bushes should be secured to stakes.

The consumption of food by dairy stock is paid back in a threefold way—milk, growth of stock and the value of the manure, which last often balances the first cost of the food. It is in that respect that stock raising is superior to exclusive grain growing.

It has been ascertained by a series of experiments that rye and winter wheat germinate at 32 degrees of heat; barley, oats, flax, clover and the pea at 35 degrees; Indian corn at 38 degrees; turnip at 32 degrees; carrot at 38 degrees, and the bean at 40 degrees.

It would not be out of place if farmers would put their names over their gates, in order to assist those seeking particular residences. The plan is as applicable in the country as in the city. Even the farms along a road could be numbered from one town to another.

The best churning temperatures are between 57 and 60 degrees in the summer season and between 60 and 64 degrees in winter. All who churn should use a thermometer, as no guess work will answer. A thermometer is an indispensable article in the dairy at all times.

Old bones, old boots, leather scraps and rags are excellent for placing in the holes intended for grape vines. It is a mode of getting them out of the way and also rendering them serviceable. They may be of very little value at first, but sooner or later they will furnish plant food.

When the corn is being fed to the hogs, it should be remembered that the warmer and more comfortable hogs are kept the less corn is required. Before hogs can fatten the bodies must be supplied with sufficient heat to protect against cold, and the greater the amount of heat saved the larger the gain in fat.

Always thoroughly wash the udders, wipe with a towel and milk with dry hands. It is very important to do so if "gilt edge" butter be desired. The milk cannot be too careful. It is claimed that the milk receives more odors and impurities before it leaves the stable than from any other source.

Experiments have been made to determine whether it is frost or the sudden thawing that kills the tender trees and plants. Potatoes and hyacinth and narcissus bulbs were submitted to three degrees below freezing and then to fifteen degrees below. This killed them; and neither slow nor rapid thawing had any effect. Certain flowers showed the same result, but woody plants could endure below zero and thaw without injury.

The gilt edge butter of the future will not be washed at all, says the *American Cultivator*. The fine aromatic odors and the nutty flavor will be retained, and not washed away in streams of water. Water injures butter. A cloth wrung out in ice water, or even in fresh water, and then spread over a layer of butter will destroy its color and take out the good qualities from the surface layer. Ice water is more damaging in its effects than fresh water of natural temperature.

A field that yields fifty or 100 consecutive crops of grass, the last as good as as full as any preceding, suggests something more than fertility, and that something is very likely to be water percolating through the soil, always accessible by the roots that go on unceasingly converting into succulence and nutriment that which would be forever dormant but for the ready solvent that nature supplies abundantly for the uses of every farmer wise enough to gather direct its flow.

The following is the method of curing hams that received the prize at a New England fair. To every hundred pounds of meat take eight pounds of salt, two ounces of saltpetre, two pounds brown sugar, and one and a quarter ounces potash and four gallons water. Mix them and pour the liquid over the hams after they have been in the tub two days, they having been rubbed with fine salt when put in the tub. They should remain in this pickle six weeks, then taken out, hung up three days to dry and smoked.

Dandelion seed is at best rather difficult to bring up. It should be freshly grown, not over a year old, or two years at the utmost, and to insure its germination it should be sown very early in spring and covered very lightly. As it starts slowly and makes little growth till July, it is usual to sow between the rows spring spinach, or to plant onion sets, which early crops are cleaned up in June or early in July, before the dandelions make much of a start. This plan of working demands rich land, free from the seeds of last year's weeds, otherwise the early crop cannot be cleared in time to save the dandelions from being smothered by weeds.

The good common sense of the average farmer ought to see and will soon see that no one can part with a cow that will produce ten pounds of butter per week on an average for a less sum than \$200. For the 500 pounds of butter she produces would afford him \$100 profit, besides the skim milk and the calf she drops annually. There is some difference, surely, between a cow which will only yield \$40 worth of butter and one which will yield \$125 annually. The former is worth just what she will bring in the beef market—no more. The latter is better than money invested at fifty per cent. annual interest, though she stand the owner at \$250 first cost.

Origin of the Violin.

The natives of Hindostan have long had an instrument called the "ravanastrom," at first constructed in a rude manner out of a hollow piece of sycamore wood, but afterward developed into a practicable violin. The rudest of these has two or three strings, and it is played with a bow. This was undoubtedly the origin of the violin. Its invention is attributed by Hindoo tradition to King Ravana, who reigned in Ceylon.

SOME ODD OCCUPATIONS.

QUEER WAYS OF MAKING A LIVING IN NEW YORK.

A "Clean Towel Company"—Two Hangmen—Dog Doctors—Wealth in Refuse—Painting Black Eyes.

New York, writes Julian Ralph in the *Mail and Express*, has not attained the unique distinction recently boasted by Paris of maintaining a beggar factory for maiming little children, so as to render them objects of pity. Neither has it yet reached up to London in the possession of "necessary stores," wherein every earthly thing in use by man is kept on sale. But, after all, New York is big enough to supply many ingenious persons with very curious occupations. The scheme of our "clean towel company," newly started for supplying business offices with clean towels and soap, we ought not to boast of, since we borrowed the notion from Chicago. We are alone, however, in patiently permitting an audacious Teuton, near Chatham Square, to keep hand organs in his hief by repairing them. He assumes to replenish them with new tunes, but, of course, that is fiction, for no hand organ was ever heard to play any but bald-headed and middle-aged music.

New York maintains, also, at least one establishment for fitting little children for the stage and ballet. The accomplished woman in charge of this used, whether she still does or not, to certify to the beauty of the "understanding" so to speak, of females who applied for a chance to exhibit themselves in theatres where spectacular pieces were to be presented. Two courageous New Yorkers follow the useful but unpoetic business of hanging their fellow citizens. They are not prejudiced in favor of New Yorkers, but are easily persuaded to hang men elsewhere throughout the nation. It is always pretended that no one knows their names and that only the Sheriff of this county has their addresses. One is a Hebrew, dubbed "Isaac," and the other is a German, called "Menzelheimer"; but the city always lumps them both under the one name of Joseph B. Atkinson, and under that name they draw their pay. They rig the gallows and finally cut the rope, one other sanguinary citizen, in Twenty-third street, swings a shingle declaring him to be "The Destroyer of Moths."

Four prosperous citizens earn their livelihood as doctors for the lap dogs of rich women. As a rule, the only medicine they use is starvation. They fling the dear pets into barred boxes and deprive them of food for four days having found out that the usual trouble with pet dogs is that they are fed extravagantly and improperly. Just east of the Bowery, in a tenement house, resides a man whose business it is to rent himself and his Punch and Judy show to children's parties in the brownstone wards. A person on the Bowery keeps six or eight girls busy framing wreaths and pictures of tombstones, whereon are set forth the virtues of deceased New Yorkers. He follows where the death notices in the papers lead him, and works upon the feelings of the grief-stricken families.

A rich Italian employs a horde of his countrymen to trim or balance the loads upon the scoops of our street sweeping department. These trimmers save for him all the rags, fat, bone, metal and other convertible refuse flung into the householders' ash barrels. Another man is making a fortune by carrying off all the waste and refuse the city will not remove, such as builders' leavings, dirt from cellar digging, and so on. The builders pay him to take it, and then he sells it in the suburbs for filling in sunken lands.

Only one man in town pretends to keep photographs of all the notable persons in the world. There is not room for two in the business. Another citizen sells to public men and corporations clippings from all the newspapers that mention them, at five cents a clipping, added to a subscription fee each year. Yet another citizen hunts up coats of arms and pedigrees for all who think theirs have been overlooked, or that they may get them from families of the same, or nearly the same, names as their own. This is quite English, and therefore popular. It is said that the carriage-makers are giving away coats of arms like chromos.

Lawyer Ed. Price, the ex-pugilist, has a monopoly as the attorney for the Chinese. The laundrymen all seek him when in trouble, and always pay him in silver dollars. The trade in painting black eyes with a mixture of six parts white paint and one part red now boasts several establishments. It is not popularizing the black eye, because it only covers up the scandal without removing the recollection of the accompanying "licking."

One New Yorker has posted himself about all the unclaimed estates in Christendom, and thus profits by a weakness more general than most folks imagine. Another New Yorker searches the streets at night with a lantern for coins and purses dropped during the evening. A woman near the City Hall takes care of the babies whose widowed mothers have to go out to work, and who check them, like umbrellas, in the morning, and call for them in the evening. Many women in the East-side tenements take care of a baby or two for their neighbors, but this down town one is, I think, the only regular safe deposit company or storage warehouse in town. There is no matrimonial agency or husbands' exchange newspaper here just now. There have been many, but all have failed. That a scheme is not so profitable as that of a man I met the other day, who told me he trained valuable dogs to come straight back to him as often as he sold them.

The "Business Hand."

A superintendent of mails says that the so-called business hand gives the post officials a great deal of trouble. "It is," he declares, "nearly as troublesome as the illiterate hand. If method, promptness and accuracy are essential to success in business, then a business hand, taken in every sense, should be unambiguous and of such a nature as to admit of no doubt whatever. Instead of that we find only the first letter or two legible, and the remaining ones supplied by a mere scrawl."—*New York Tribune*.

Thousands of people think they are wearing kid gloves when they have on only the skin of the innocent lamb.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Pockets or outlines of same appear upon many dressy costumes.

Alpacas are slowly but surely working their way into popularity again.

Silk astrachan is a very popular trimming material for both bonnets and wraps.

Moire and thick-corded silk have taken the place of satin for the bodices of ball gowns.

The original sealskin sacque now represents a style altogether out of fashion.

"Ashes of roses" is once more a fashionable tint, but it has been rechristened "old pink."

There is a lady school teacher at Osceola, Washington Territory, that weighs 325 pounds.

Pale amber, heliotrope and mastic are the favorite tints for tulle and net ball dresses for young girls.

Bonnets for traveling are often made of the same material as the ulster, and the muff is also made to correspond.

Moire and lace-trimmed silk is a new material for evening dresses, and is shown in several delicate shades of color.

To make the tailor suit of cloth light and comfortable the best tailors use silk for the foundation of the entire costume.

Sixty plucky Chicago girls have organized a co-operative establishment for making men's clothing for wholesale dealers.

Beaded trimmings, laces, gimps and passementeries are used for dress and wrap trimmings in greater profusion than ever before.

In Germany women go from house to house dusting furniture and tending to drawing-room fowls and plants. It is a regular business.

The Empress of Austria and Queen Olga of Greece are said to be about the only reigning women in Europe who can be called beautiful.

Three women fully qualified and accredited to practice medicine lately sailed for India, where there is said to be great demand for their services.

There seems to be no set rule for hair dressing at the present time. Every lady may consult her own individual taste in this matter, and the more original the better.

Oliver Harper finds that European Queens are not any better looking than the average of their subjects, and that the bluer the blood the uglier the Queen as a rule.

A pretty novelty in jewelry is a brooch in a brown stone, closely resembling genuine coffee beans. These are mounted singly or in clusters and surrounded by golden leaves.

Leather cord applied on an alpaca band for protecting the bottom of a dress skirt is so far superior to the braid so long in use that it will, without doubt, take the place of it altogether.

A frequent arrangement of plaids or checks and plain stuff in a frock is to make the entire skirt, underscoring and sleeves of the plaid or check, with a cutaway or jacket or coat of plain goods.

Some of the newest fans are of oval shape and composed of exquisitely tinted and curled swan's feathers. The mounts are of ivory or bone, tinted to match the feathers, and have bows of ribbon at the handles.

A San Francisco woman bought on credit without her husband's knowledge a \$30 sealskin sac. The husband resented payment and the court ruled that he was not liable, as a sealskin coat was not at all necessary in that climate.

Lucy Hooper, describing the audience at the Paris Grand Opera, says: Mme. de Furtado Heine, who occupied a box near where I sat, looked as though she had walked out where it was raining diamonds, and had neglected to put up her umbrellas.

Coins are finding a place in the newest fashions, both for buttons and clasps. A set of gold coin buttons is a much prized treasure just now, and can be very effective on a white satin vest, to be worn with some rich and elegant house costume.

Royal and princely ladies in Germany and France understand every function of housekeeping, and know how to perform it. All the ladies of the English royal households are accomplished in practical things—they know how to do useful things even if they are never called upon to perform them.

Black is growing in favor for evening wear. A recent model is a bodice and train of black Lyons velvet. The train is separate from the skirt, set in thick, heavy pails and lined with black satin. The petticoat, of satin, is covered with jetted lace, either black or iridescent, the bodice being trimmed with jet to match.

A German girl finishes school at the age of nineteen. She is proficient in history and philology, but knows little of mathematics and nothing of Greek or Latin. She graduates into the kitchen and thenceforward housewifery is her only thought. To manage a household is her highest aim. It is to this fact and not to the use of lager beer that the dominance of the German race is due.

Neat looking polonaises for wear with skirts of rough textures are of plain and striped material. The plain yoke is of the one color, and the rest of the garment of striped, and a broad band is fastened with a cut steel or fancy buckle at one side. Although in shirt style, with plaits, they fit the figure closely. They are particularly suited to thin figures, giving the desired appearance of fullness.

In England the most popular love ring was for a long time the Gimmel ring, formed of two narrow gold bands, which were broken apart at the betrothal, each of the contracting parties wearing one on the engagement finger—the fourth on the left hand—until the wedding-day, when these bands were again united and placed on the bride's finger. This was very suggestive, for the ring was but the pledge which was redeemed at the altar.

The annual accounts are coming from Dakota of the snowballs, some the size of apples, others as large as peck measures, that cover the prairies there. These balls are rolled by the wind, and there are thousands of them.

"Delays are Dangerous."

If you are pale, emaciated, have a hacking cough, with night sweats, spitting of blood and shortness of breath, you have no time to lose. Do not hesitate too long—till you are past cure; for taken in its early stages, consumption can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," as thousands can testify. By druggists.

NORTH CAROLINA has twenty colored men who are worth from \$100 to \$200 each. "Yes, I shall break the engagement," she said, folding her arms and looking defiant. "It is really too much trouble to converse with him, he's as deaf as a post, and talks like he had a mouthful of mush. Besides the way he hawks and spits is disgusting." "Don't break the engagement for that," tell him to take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It will cure him completely. "Well, I'll tell him I do hate to break it off, for in all other respects he's quite so charming." Of course, it cured his catarrh.

The Portland (Or.) pound-master has a dog which is as him to a four other of its.

"Women and Her Diseases" is the title of an interesting illustrated treatise (160 pages) sent, postpaid, for 10 cents in stamps. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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"IMITATIO CHRISTI."

A solitary monk within his cell.
Whose walls did make an island of his life.
Surrounded by the waves of war and strife.
His hours devoted to the convent roll.
Until the grave had closed upon his corpse.
A life's end on the haunts of men.
A soul that found an utterance, by the pen.
For hope and sorrow, joy and sad remorse.
A soul that longed for purity, that taught
Man's duty was to beat down pride and sin.
To conquer passion, to keep all white within.
And shun a world with dark and evil freight.
Ages have past, yet still, amid the strife,
Is heard the music of that far off life.
—William K. A. Axon.

Divorced People in Paris.

Divorce is now so frequent that I make it a rule never to ask a husband how his absent wife is or a wife unaccompanied by her husband about him. But the great frequency is owing to a long accumulation of legal separations. The mayors and sub-mayors of arrondissements are kept often for many hours at a time as busy as they can be unmarried couples who come to have separations turned into divorces.

The life of a French lady separate de biens et de corps is a miserable one, inasmuch as the separation of property can never in such a case be absolute, and she is constantly obliged to ask the husband, through an agent, to sign papers. His power to get her locked up in prison does not cease because of separation, if he can show that "his name is being dishonored." However, no man of honor troubles himself on this point, big in the lower trailing classes the lives of women who have married ruinously husbands and get separated from them are often rendered miserable by the heat of divorcees employed to dog them out for blackmailing purposes.

A few days ago I went to see some friends who had just been divorced. They cordially detested each other when they were legally separated. In most of the cases ladies had the honors of war. One of them, after the civil officer had pronounced her divorced, went up to the ex-husband and said: "Now that everything is straight I hope you will put away hatred, as I am sure I have done. I am always at home on Wednesdays to all friends who call, and would be enchanted to receive a visit from you on a perfectly friendly footing."—London News.

Left in the Ticket Box

I see that one of our New York reporters has been collecting statistics as to the variety of tickets and other articles which find their way into the gate boxes of the bridge. He finds that a scrap book is kept, into which go all the curiosities discovered, among others some of his own inventions for cheating the box. He made a variety of experiments to see how easy it was to pass all kinds of trash into the boxes, and found that, if deftly done, car tickets, elevated road tickets, theatre checks, restaurant checks and even pen and ink sketches drawn to look a little like the bridge ticket were good at any time. The bridge people say, however, that they make more money by the carelessness of people who put more in the boxes than the law requires than by the rascality of people who throw in whatever trash they can fish out of their pockets at a second's notice.

In the long list of articles preserved in scrap book at the bridge headquarters as found in the ticket boxes, our New York reporter has failed to mention the most curious of all, which is or was in that scrap book several months ago—namely, a ticket entitling the bearer to present at the incineration of the first body burned at the crematory in East New York. The wag who got a ride over the bridge on the strength of that ticket must have chuckled to himself for hours over the astonishment of the bridge clerks who came across it.—New York Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

The King of Cholera.

Italian papers relate wonderful stories of Luigi Graziottin, "il re del cholera" (the king of cholera), who has just arrived in Rome, after a weary pilgrimage on foot, and submitted to the king and the Venetian deputies—his countrymen—his infallible remedy against cholera. Graziottin has earned his curious title by his unselfish devotion to cholera patients, having accompanied the plague during its progress from Egypt to Spain and Italy, and fought it everywhere successfully—so the story goes—with his "elixir," a compound as mysterious and infallible as Succ's. Graziottin is said to have slept in the same bed with cholera patients, and to possess numberless medical and municipal testimonials corroborating his wonderful cures. The papers say that "il re d'Italia" has received "il re del cholera" in a very gracious manner, and promised to interest the scientific world in his discovery.—Boston Transcript.

Two Rare Old Coins.

There are two rare old coins in the possession of a citizen of Macon, Ga. Evidently they were cast as political medals during the administration of "Old Hickory." The first bears date 1834, the date placed beneath a hog rampant, with his side plumed with the legend: "My Military, My Third Heat," and surrounded by the motto: "Perish Credit, Perish Commerce." On the reverse is: "Down with the Bank." "My Substitute for the United States Bank. Experiment." Then a head of Jackson, and beneath, "My Currency, My Glory." The second coin bears date 1837, and has a strong box, marked "U. S. Sub-Treasury," resting on the back of a turtle labeled "fiscal agent." Then comes "Executive Experiment," and on the reverse, "I Follow in the Footsteps of My Illustrious Predecessor," surrounding a jackass who is careering over the plain at the top of his speed.—Chicago Times.

How It Feels to be Wounded.

The next day, just before Longstreet's soldiers made their first charge on the Second corps, I heard the peculiar cry a stricken man utters as the bullet tears through his flesh. I turned my head, as I loaded my rifle, to see who was hit. I saw a bearded Irishman pull up his shirt. He had been wounded in the left side just below the floating ribs. His face was gray with fear. The wound looked as though it were mortal. He looked at it for an instant, then poked it gently with his index finger. He flushed redly and smiled with satisfaction. He tucked his shirt into his trousers and was fighting in the ranks again before I had capped my rifle. The ball had cut a groove in his skin only. The play of this Irishman's face was so expressive, his emotions changed so quickly, that I could not keep from laughing. —"Recollections of a Private."

Poets in New Orleans.

There are said to be more amateur poets in New Orleans, La., than in any other city in the world. The daily papers always contain one or more poetical pieces written by local talent.

The chrysanthemum of to-day is the "Artemisia" of our grandmothers time.

Expenses in Yale College.

At the most democratic college in the country (the adjective, of course, not being used in a party sense), and an institution where money counts little in the social status of an undergraduate, the official estimate of the expenses of students given in the new Yale university command wide perusal. The estimates cover thirty-seven weeks of the year, the period when the college is actually in session, and are graded as follows: Lowest estimate of the ordinary college expenses, \$333 for the thirty-seven weeks; general average, \$380; and very liberal, \$550. These figures omit change for clothing, and are necessarily mere approximations, but they will impress most of the Yale graduates as substantially correct.

Of course there are striking exceptions to the figures printed above. We remember one case of a student who went through one year at Yale on about \$100. But he lived on a scale little above abject poverty. He had a single suit of clothes, and a few crackers with quarter of a pound of cheese bought at a grocery were his ordinary meal. He had also his tuition fees remitted, and we believe got his college room free. Another Yale graduate we recall, who has since risen to a post more lucrative and responsible than perhaps any of his college mates in the same class. He began his freshman year with just \$5 in his pocket and worked his way through without incurring a single permanent debt. We all know what the usual result is in the case of these poor students. They go to college to make the most of an opportunity, and they almost invariably do so. To the special and peculiar honor of Yale, be it said, these academic heroes never lose at college their social equality because their coats are threadbare and their dollars few. The moral leader of one of the largest recent classes at Yale was one who thus earned his way to a diploma—and he wasn't a man of brilliant intellectual faculties either.—New Haven News.

The Beggars of London.

Perhaps the most obstinately persevering solicitors, who accept no denial and are stolidly insensible to rebuff, are the squalid females with a couple of children, one generally in arms, and both, if report speak truth, in most cases hired for the day. Their stock in trade usually consists of a few faded flowers—lavender in autumn—or half a dozen pencils; and as they invariably frequent the streets where the absence of shops deprives their victim of any possible place of refuge, a lady walking without escort, especially when carrying a bag or portmanteau, has no chance with them. Others, somewhat more respectably attired, are provided with baskets containing an assortment of cuffs, collars or knitted gloves, according to the season, and lie in wait for any carriage that may chance to stop while a card or message is being delivered, accompanying the display of their wares with the never failing professional whine.

Some years ago, passing along Grosvenor street, I noticed a brougham standing in front of a house near Bond street, in which sat a lady, evidently awaiting the return of a friend who had just gone in. At the door of the carriage a stout, red faced female had taken up her post, and notwithstanding repeated refusals on the part of the occupant, persisted in thrusting her basket through the open window, until the lady, annoyed by her importunities, sharply pulled up her glass.

"Did ye ever see the like?" indignantly exclaimed the disappointed harpy with a strong Milesian accent. "Is it shutting the window in me face ye're after? Sure, and may the gates of hell be the reverse to ye!"—London Society.

The "Lion" Reception.

The victims of these receptions are certainly to be pitied profoundly enough. A young girl who is not yet "out" ensconced herself behind some curtains at the back of Miss Fortescue at a reception given the actress in New York recently, and counted seventy-one times that in one form or another a guest said: "I am so happy to meet personally one to whom I owe so much pleasure;" always to be answered, "Thanks; so kind!" The counting was stopped, not by a change in the dialogue, but by the removal of the young lady.

This reminds me of the remark of Mme. Duval-Greville, who, after one of the receptions given her here, said that 400 people came up to her in turn to say: "I am so glad to meet you;" and that just as the last arrived the first was ready to take leave by saying: "I am so glad to have met you;" so that 800 times she heard the two phrases. Few things can be more flat, stale and unprofitable than this sort of meeting people, but it is a recognized part of the social routine. It must, however, consume a great deal of energy, and there is a grain of truth in the cynical observation of a club man who last winter excused himself for not attending a reception by declaring that by the time a celebrity was so far along as to be willing to be formally "met," he was so far toward the exhaustion of his powers as to have ceased to be worth meeting.—Arlor Bates in Providence Journal.

List of Misused Words.

Acoustics is always singular.
Cut bias, and not cut on the bias.
Allow should not be used for admit.
Come to see me, and not come and see me.
Burst is not elegant and is rarely correct.
Almost, with a negative, is ridiculous.
"Almost nothing" is absurd.
The burden of a song means the refrain or chorus, not its sense or meaning.
Bountiful applies to persons, not to things, and has no reference to quantity.
Affable only applies when speaking of the manner of superiors to inferiors.
Methinks is formed by the impersonal verb think, meaning seem, and the dative me, and is literally rendered, It seems to me.
Admire should not be followed with the infinitive. Never say, as many do, "I should admire to go with you," etc. This error is singularly fashionable just now.
Allude is now frequently misused when a thing is named, spoken of or described. It should only be used when anything is hinted at in a playful or passing manner.
"Allusion is the by-play of language."—Tweed's New Grammar.

Salmon Driven Away.

Formerly the salmon in the spawning season ascended the Fraser river by the million, and they could be scooped out of the water by the barrelful with any kind of a vessel large enough. But since the Canadian Pacific trains have begun running regularly along the banks of the Fraser the fish have begun to desert the stream, and it is feared that in a year or so there will be very few of these fish where in former years they were present in countless numbers. The noise of the engine and the vibration imparted to the water by the trains running along the banks are supposed to have scared them, and therefore caused their departure.—Toronto Globe.

A Word to Occasionals.

We respectfully but earnestly wish the large list of occasional purchasers to become regular subscribers and thus give to the home paper more nearly the support it deserves.

A well conducted local paper like this is a larger power for good in the community than some people are aware of. A more general subscription will enable us to increase its value and usefulness.

The Art Amateur for February has for its most striking feature an admirable double-page crayon drawing, "The Man at the Wheel," by Edward E. Renouf. Scarcely less noticeable is the fine charcoal head of Alfred Tennyson, by Jacques Reich, from the drawing in the Salmagundi Exhibition. Among the numerous practical designs are several for chasubles and chalice veils, a panel of oak leaves and acorns for wood carving, and decorations for a fruit plate (apples) and a square vase (phlox). A long and interesting illustrated notice is given of the A. T. Stewart collection, which is to be sold next March. There are several useful articles on interior decoration, including a suggestive talk on the "Color Scheme of a Room." A prize of one hundred dollars for the best design for a new cover for The Art Amateur is offered by the publisher, Montague Marks, 23 Union Square, N. Y.

There was a man of our town and he was wondrous wise; He jumped into a bramble bush and scratched out both his eyes. And when he saw his eyes were out, with all his might and main, He bought a bottle of Salvation Oil and rubbed them in again.

H. K. KING, NEWSDEALER,

Lexington, adjoining Town Hall.

LAUNDRY AGENT.

BOOKS, PERIODICALS AND STATIONERY,

BREAD and CAKE, FRUIT,

CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

J. H. INGALLS,

Teacher of Piano and Violin and

PIANO TUNER,

RESIDENCE: BLOOMFIELD STREET, Lexington. Pianos tuned, regulated and repaired.

Geo. E. Muzzey,

DEALER IN

LUMBER,

LIME, CEMENT, HAIR, etc. also

Building Materials Generally.

Outside Windows a specialty Agent for Bradley's, Chittenden's and Pacific Guano Co.'s

Fertilizers of all kinds,

AND AKRON DRAIN PIPE.

Doors, Windows, Sashes, Blinds,

on hand, or furnished to order; also

Patent WEATHER STRIPS for

Doors and Windows.

OFFICE and YARDS,

MAIN ST., LEXINGTON, Mass.

may 7

WANTED!

That the people of Lexington and vicinity should know that

C. W. STANLEY

has a place of business in town and will promptly attend to all orders received for

Plumbing, Tin and Sheet Iron Work, Tin

Roofing and Conductors.

As I do my own work, will warrant all work. My prices are as cheap as the cheapest. Favor me with a call.

Stoves, Furnaces & Ranges

Cleaned, repaired and For Sale.

Stoves Stored. All kinds Tinware made To Order.

Shop Main St., adjoining Town Hall, Lexington. Order boxes at Post office, and East Lexington.

June 20th

Again we wish to call the attention of the public to our well selected stock of staple and fancy groceries.

We spare no pains in the selection of our goods, and can warrant every article to be first class, and marked to sell at the lowest cash price.

We have at all times a good supply of the finest fresh made creamery Butter, also a good stock of Crockery-ware, all kinds of Kennedy's Goods, Canned Goods, Grain of all kinds, and in fact everything that goes to make up a full assortment for a first class country store. Call and examine our prices and be convinced that we sell as low as the lowest.

C. A. BUTTERS & CO.,

april Main Street, Lexington.

Expressing & Jobbing.

Prompt and Personal attention given to all work entrusted to my care.

Orders may be left with Mr. Sands at the Centre R. R. Station, and at the Boston Branch grocery.

June 20th

F. G. FLETCHER.

Massachusetts House, LEXINGTON,

Makes a specialty during the season of entertaining social gatherings and

SLEIGHING PARTIES.

Loring W. Muzzey,

Proprietor.

January

Results of Local Reporter's Work IN LEXINGTON.

—The ground is well covered with snow, but the sleighing is rather poor.

—Subscriptions to the MINUTE MAN can be paid to Mr. King, at the periodical store.

—The recent change in the matter of vacations in the public schools will prove for the advantage of all.

—The auditors have inaugurated their work of examining the accounts of the town for the past year.

—The Lexington Gas Company has paid to all those (with the exception of one) who were so entitled, the dividend recently declared.

—Next Wednesday a dancing party will be given in Town Hall under the auspices of the Total Abstinence Society connected with St. Bridget's church.

—Mr. A. L. Scott has had the old plank incline to his carriage loft torn out and a new one put in. Mr. Scott does quite a business in carriage painting.

—A new book club has been organized which is known as the Circulating Periodical Club, with Mr. C. T. West for its president.

—The Board of Registrars met on Thursday evening of this week to revise the voting list preparatory to the spring election.

—There is to be no sociable at the Baptist church this month, the more serious meetings occupying all the time at present.

—The Lexington Gun Club will hold no meeting for shooting until the twenty-second, when the occasion is to be made an especially interesting one.

—Major Muzzey is giving the Massachusetts House and its furniture a thorough overhauling preparatory to the opening of the coming season.

—We wonder if the "Big Six" have recovered from the fatigue which must have been consequent on their efforts of last week Thursday night. (King is now selling nerve lozenges.)

—Next Monday evening Rev. Russell H. Conwell, formerly pastor of the Baptist church at Lexington, will lecture in the Star Course in Tremont Temple, Boston. The "Jolly Earthquake" is the subject.

—At the regular weekly meeting of the Y. P. Soc. of Christian Endeavor, on Monday evening, Rev. E. G. Porter addressed the society in regard to the work, making some helpful remarks.

—Remember that Mr. Muzzey is ready to supply any and all demands in the lumber line. We are gratified to know that his enterprise has received strong encouragement from citizens generally. The specialties he can supply are enumerated in his advertisement.

—Mr. L. A. Saville enjoyed his recent trip to Washington to the fullest extent, well attested by his beaming satisfaction when describing the pleasures of the gay capital. He, with his wife and daughter, returned to Lexington on Saturday last.

—The ladies' class in German is as usual holding weekly meetings in the Selectmen's room, Town Hall. Rev. E. G. Porter, who has for a number of years been their instructor, has been unable to take charge of the class this season, so the ladies are carrying them on independently.

—The Ladies' chorus, which has been rehearsing under the direction of Mrs. H. E. Holt, will give a musical entertainment in the vestry of the Unitarian church, Monday evening, February 7, at 7.30 o'clock. An attractive programme will be presented, consisting of part songs, piano and violin solos, etc. Admission, twenty-five cents.

—Could any thing have been more stunning than those waltzes, headed by their modest chief, in white jackets and button-hole bouquets, at the supper of the "Big Six" of the Unity Club? Nothing except to have got left and been obliged to wait—well, let's say about two hours—for the serving of the second table.

—The baptism at the Baptist church, last Sunday evening, called out an audience which filled the church in all its parts, a large number being obliged to stand. The ceremony was necessarily quite long from the large number that were baptized, thirteen in all. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Branigan, of East Lexington, at the request of the pastor, Rev. L. B. Hatch.

—An entertainment which promises to be of much interest is to be given in the Town Hall this (Friday) evening, at 7.30 o'clock. It is to be an illustrated address on the habits and religion of the inhabitants of India and Ceylon, illustrated by

a fine stereopticon. The lecturer is procured by several influential citizens of the town, so can be highly recommended to all, and through the efforts of these same gentlemen the entertainment is to be free to all.

—The new society, composed of young ladies and called the Helping Hand Society, met on Tuesday afternoon at the residence of Miss Alice Wright, on Main street. The only business of importance transacted was the choosing of a committee of four to make arrangements for an entertainment to be given in the future.

—Miss Sadie McLean, the author of "Cape Cod Folks," and a sister of Mrs. Greeley, of this town is enjoying a European trip.

EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

The backbone of winter isn't broken yet, though it looked a little "springy" this week.

Our Legislature has only got into a comfortable position where it can view the field of work before it.

Some of our ladies are determined if they can't have a whole loaf they will increase their portion each year until it becomes a unit. The committee on woman suffrage will give a hearing this month to the parties interested in the petition that those women who are allowed to vote for school committee shall be allowed to vote on the question of granting licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Many years ago there was a band of faithful lady workers in the cause of temperance in East Lexington, and though there is no organization here now the reformatory movement is dear to many hearts, who believe that the quiet leaven of example sometimes works more powerfully than much talking. We are informed that the Young People's Temperance Union at the centre is doing a good work.

Tuesday evening there was another meeting of the Reading Circle at the reading room. Each member recited a gem from Hawthorne and a sketch of Hawthorne's life and the Legend of Sleepy Hollow and Romola. Discussion followed the reading. Prof. T. W. Bickwell, of Boston, speaks of reading circles as a means of education, and says there are now over 100,000 persons in the United States reading along the Chautauqua line, and he recommends the formation of a teachers' reading circle in every town, and thinks it would prove a popular thing wherever introduced.

The dramatic entertainment which was to have come off this (Friday) evening is postponed until Monday night, February 14. It is hoped there will be a full house.

Next Wednesday evening, February 9, there is to be an oyster supper at the Village Hall. Admission and dancing tickets, 25 cents each. Oysters, 20 cents; cake and coffee, 15 cents. Barnes will furnish music, and it is always first class.

This evening the Roundabout Club will meet at Mrs. Walter Wellington's. A very enjoyable evening was passed last Friday by the club at Mr. Larkin Smith's. As the rules of the club restrict the cost of the prizes, the articles received often provoke much merriment.

The house of Mr. John Maynard is progressing as fast as the weather will admit, and begins to look home-like.

Rev. Mr. Branigan preached last Sabbath from 1st Peter, iii.: 15. "But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear."

Mr. A. S. Mitchell is one of our most enterprising young men, and proves the falsity of the statement that "a person that is Jack at all trades is good for none," for with the many irons he has in the fire he manages to use all of them to advantage without selling himself. He acted as head waiter at the entertainment given by the Big Six and performed his part with the grace of a veteran.

At the meeting of the trustees of the Carey Library, last week, Rev. E. G. Porter presented the old silver which was the property of Mrs. Elizabeth Gerry, of our village. It consists of a silver pitcher, a sugar bowl and a tankard, one dozen small spoons and three table spoons. It is valuable on account of its antiquity, and was the property of a member of the Bridge family, as Mrs. Gerry's mother was a Bridge.

The Selectmen are busy arranging their report.

Continued from 1st page.

sary meeting, although her husband is quoted as saying that she is done with the suffrage agitation.

Mr. Stanton said that his wife is convinced that her sex does not want to vote. They do not suffer any inconvenience from the lack of the ballot, added he, they do not desire it to any appreciable extent, and the suffrage agitators are banging away at something that offers no response whatever. He thought

that if one woman in every ten, yes, in every hundred, would petition Congress for the ballot they would get it at once.

As the time for the President to sign or veto the inter-state commerce bill approaches, interest in the subject increases. Senators and Representatives question each other in order to learn all the talk of the houses and lobbies, and reports that the President will sign it or veto it fly alternately between the White House and the Capitol.

Assuming that the measure will get the executive signature, if there is any difficulty in the selection of men to serve their country on the railway commission at \$7,500 a year it will not be found in the sparsity of candidates, but rather in the redundancy of talent that will be spread before the President. There are about sixty men who have been mentioned for commissioners, many of whom have been prominent and are now relegated to private life.

The issue between the President and the Senate in regard to the Recorder of Deeds is very simple, and cannot in its present phase be distorted into a question involving the right of a colored Democrat to hold office, as has been attempted. The people of the district ask for one of their own men for the office. The President served them with a stranger, and the Senate refuse to confirm the appointment. The President reappointed him and the Senate again rejected him. That is all there is of it, and until the name of a colored citizen of the district is sent in for the office by the President and rejected by the Senate, it cannot honestly be claimed that the color line issue is a factor in the case.

Belmont Happenings.

The coffee party given by the Howard Engine Co., last Friday, was the largest party ever given at the hall.

There will be a masquerade party at the Town Hall on the 21st.

Over 125 couples attended the dance given by the Waverly Social Club, last Thursday evening.

A very pleasant entertainment was given by the Musical Club, last evening, at the residence of Mrs. George F. Blake.

Mrs. T. D. Blake will give a high tea on the tenth.

The engagement of Miss Mary Mellen, daughter of Judge Mellen, of Wayland, and Mr. Howard Stone, is announced.

The Belmont Tennis Club will give a German at the Town Hall on the 9th of Feb.

Prof. J. W. Churchill will lecture at the Town Hall on the 7th of Feb.

The Public Library will be opened at one p. m., in the future.

Mr. William Monroe, of the firm of Stone & Downer, custom house brokers, will move from his present residence on Lexington street to Melrose Highlands, early in March.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Chas. Benjamin to Miss Gertrude Cheney, daughter of David Cheney.

The Belmont Young Ladies Seminary, under the charge of the Misses Hill, is now in a more flourishing condition than at any time since its organization.

Officer James Sargent, of the local police, is said to be in possession of evidence which under his skillful manipulation will, it is hoped, bring to justice the safe robbers who recently visited the town.

Miss Nellie Adams, daughter of A. A. Adams, the well known grocer of Belmont centre, is spending the winter in Paris with friends where she is engaged in studies.

Miss Nellie Grant, formerly of Waverly, who, recently married, has gone to Texas to take up her residence.

Mr. J. McCusky, of Waverly, who wields a marked influence in Democratic circles of the town, expresses strong opposition to the measure now pending regarding the establishment of a system of water works which shall be supplied by the Watertown Water Co. He believes the town will be better pleased if it constructs a plant of its own.

Lawrence Brennenstahl, a leading member of the Waverly Club, is considering the advisability of starting an orange grove in Florida. His many friends regret his proposed action.

Lincoln Grant, formerly of this town, who has for the past two years been a well known member of the Mass. Rifle Association has just accepted a position as commercial salesman of one of the largest mill supply concerns in the state.

Mr. H. H. Russell, the Waverly grocer, is anxiously awaiting the opportunity of sleighing on the Brighton road that he may have the opportunity of testing the merits of his latest purchase, a sorrel stepper named Samuel J. Tilden.

Mr. G. F. Blake, the steam pump manufacturer, leaves with his family early in March to join friends at Los Angeles, California.

The absence of Joseph Frost, a well known member of the G. A. R., has been noticed from the post office for a few days.

The Water Committee which were to have presented their report on Wednesday evening, owing to the small attendance on account of the weather, will not do so until Feb. 10th.

D. Lothrop & Company announce that, leading in the great literary movement toward lower prices and larger sales, they have made, without reducing quantity or quality, an extraordinary reduction in the price of Wide Awake, the best illustrated young folks' magazine (1000 quarto pages and 500 original pictures yearly), and will now receive subscriptions at the former wholesale price of only \$2.40 a year.